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*The Ruin of Bourgeois France*

# THE DIAL

A FORTNIGHTLY

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VOL. LXVI

NEW YORK

NO. 793

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JUNE 28, 1919

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THE DIAL (founded in 1880 by Francis F. Browne) is published every other Saturday by The Dial Publishing Company, Inc.—Martyn Johnson, President—at 152 West Thirteenth Street, New York, N. Y. Entered as Second Class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., August 3, 1918, under the act of March 3, 1897. Copyright, 1919, by The Dial Publishing Company, Inc. Foreign Postage, 50 cents.

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# THE DIAL

A FORTNIGHTLY

## *Economic Unity and Political Division*

THE POLITICAL UNITY of the world, which is the avowed aim of the League of Nations, may or may not be achieved in the next few years; indeed, any but a very bold optimist must incline to the view that it will not. But the economic unity of the world has been furthered by the war to a very surprising extent. Conditions are, of course, still abnormal, but we may expect much of what has resulted in the way of international economic government to remain for a long time to come. Certain Powers, notably the United States and the British Empire, control the supplies of food and raw material sufficiently to be able to decide, throughout the greater part of the civilized world, who shall starve and who shall have enough to eat, who shall be allowed to develop industries and who shall be compelled to import manufactured goods. This power is the result partly of geographical advantages, partly of armed force, especially at sea. Financial strength also plays its part, but is a result of geographical and military superiority rather than an independent cause of dominion. If Germany had won the war, it may be assumed that indemnities would have fundamentally altered the balance of financial strength.

The necessity of rationing supplies has created, unavoidably, an international way of dealing with problems of distribution. Those who control international distribution have a degree of power exceeding anything previously known in the history of the world. The growth of industrialism in the century before the war led most nations to become dependent upon foreign countries for supplies indispensable to life or at least to prosperity. Cessation of foreign supplies would mean inability to support the actual population in health, as it has meant in Germany. Consequently it is impossible for any European nation to return to economic independence except through a period of intolerable hardship, involving death or emigration on a large scale. Only extreme heroism prolonged through many years would enable a continental country to free itself from the economic dominion which has resulted from the war. This economic dominion has given to the world, as regards material things, a new unity and a new central authority.

But while material unity has been more or less accidentally achieved, unity in any higher sense has not been even approached. The League of Nations, so far from being world-wide, is in effect an alliance of America, Britain, and France, with Italy as a somewhat doubtful hanger-on. Japan, which is nominally a member of the League, is mainly engaged in the attempt to absorb China—an enterprise by no means calculated to win the affection of America. From the Pacific to the Rhine, the League of Nations appears as an enemy or a master, not as a free union of equal democracies. The world is thus divided into three groups: the Western nations, the outcasts Germany and Russia, and the Yellow Races, among whom the Japanese are masters and the Chinese unwilling servants. It is in such a world that the League of Nations is to make its débüt.

The distinction of capitalist and proletarian has been made familiar by the writings of the Socialists. But this distinction has now taken a new form: there are capitalist and proletarian nations. Russia and Germany are proletarian nations, the former still on strike, the latter probably about to make a sullen submission. By the economic provisions of the Peace Treaty, it is secured (as far as such things can be) that Germans shall, for an indefinite time to come, be very much poorer than inhabitants of the Western democracies. They are to do specified work for the capitalist nations, obtaining presumably wages, but not profits. They are to be deprived of an enormous proportion of their ships, coal, and iron, and in every way prevented from competing with our trade. If they nevertheless do find ways of making money, they are to be deprived of what they make in order to provide reparation for the war. Their national situation, in short, is to be as similar as possible to the individual situation of a wage-earner in a capitalist community. Their reward for accepting our terms is to be that they are to have enough to eat to support life; their punishment for rejecting them, that their numbers are to be reduced by starvation until they submit. (This is a slight exaggeration of our generosity. At a moment when large numbers of German infants are dying for lack of milk, the Peace Treaty

demands the surrender by Germany of a hundred and forty thousands of milch-cows.) In industrial disputes, we are accustomed to subjugation of strikers by these means. But it marks the growth of economic ways of thought that the methods of labor disputes should be applied in dealing with a vanquished nation.

As to Russia, it is as yet impossible to know what will happen. It is conceivable that, by sufficient determination, Russia may succeed in becoming economically self-sufficient. If so, war-weariness may compel the Allies to abandon the policy of intervention. But if Russia is not willing to face the hardships involved in an economic boycott, or if the Allies can raise sufficient armies to occupy the centres of Bolshevik power, it will become necessary for the Russians, as for the Germans, to submit to our terms and accept whatever form of government we may think good for them. The Germans were informed that we should be more lenient if they expelled the Kaiser; probably the Russians will soon be informed that we shall be more lenient if they restore the Tsardom. In that case, no doubt, they, like the Germans, may be granted a peace of justice and mercy, not of revenge. (The peace terms seem to me to combine justice with mercy.—The Bishop of London.) But if they persist in Bolshevism, we may discover what it is that the Germans have been spared as a consequence of their adoption of democracy.

We see, in the two cases of Germany and Russia, the two purposes for which the power of the sword is being used, namely (a) to extort economic advantages; (b) to impose a form of government other than that desired by those upon whom it is imposed. I do not wish to blame in any way the individuals who are carrying out these two purposes. I believe that many of them are completely blind to what is really happening: they feel that Germany, as the disturber of the peace, must be rendered harmless, and that Russia, as the perpetrator of endless atrocities against the well-to-do, must be forced to adopt again the "civilized" government which it enjoyed before the Revolution, whose much greater atrocities they forget because the capitalist press did not exploit them. Others, though they may see and regret the evil that is being done, accept it as inevitable in order to inaugurate the League of Nations; and in the disarmament of Germany they see the first step towards universal disarmament. Many others, again, sincerely believe that it is the business of a statesman to think only of the interests of his own country: they feel themselves in the position of trustees, and regard "sacred egoism" as their duty. For all these reasons, it would be foolish to attach moral blame to those who direct the power of the

Allies. Like everybody else, they are products of circumstances and systems. We have to understand their action, and to form an opinion as to whether it is for the good of the world; but if our opinion is adverse, we must go behind the men to the system which has produced them, and ask ourselves whether, under that system, anything better could be expected.

The capitalist system of industry, whatever its merits, has not been found conducive to perfect harmony between capital and labor. It is hardly to be expected that its extension to international relations will produce harmony between States, or that Germany and Russia will be filled with ardent love for the Western nations during the next few years. They may be powerless in a military sense, just as labor organizations are; but, like labor organizations, they may find other ways than war by which their grievances can be forced upon the attention of their masters. I do not wish to be misunderstood when I speak of "grievances": what I am saying is wholly independent of the question whether they are justified in feeling grievances, I say only that they will feel them, and that in fact their economic position will be less fortunate than ours, as a result of their defeat in the war. And this situation is not one likely to inaugurate a period of international amity, or to realize the dreams of those who died in France believing that our aim was to destroy militarism and establish universal freedom.

It is economic considerations mainly that have caused the severity of the peace terms and the implacable hostility to the Bolsheviks. (Those who think the hostility to the Bolsheviks is due to their atrocities are putting the cart before the horse, and are failing to realize how their own horror of these atrocities has been stimulated. The Tsar's government was guilty of many more and much worse atrocities, but it was not to the interest of the capitalist press to make our blood boil about them.) Economic considerations of this sort are inseparable from the capitalist system. Probably every allied nation, as a whole, will be worse off economically if Germany and Russia are ruined than if they are prosperous, but many individual capitalists will profit by the removal of competitors, and these individuals, through the press, have power to mold public opinion. Moreover, under the existing economic system, competition is the very air we breathe, and men come to feel more pleasure in outstripping a competitor than in the absolute level of their prosperity. If, by slightly impoverishing ourselves, we can very greatly impoverish the Germans, we feel that we have achieved a valuable result. This state of mind is so bound up with capitalism that we cannot hope to see it effectively removed while capitalism persists.

I do not despair of the world; I do not think it impossible that the idealistic aims which inspired many of those who fought in the war may in time be achieved. But I think a lesson is to be learned from President Wilson's failure, and the lesson is this: The removal of international rivalry, and the growth of real co-operation among all civilized nations, is not to be attained while competition, exploitation, and the ruthless use of economic power govern the whole machinery of production and distribution. It is scarcely to be expected that the relations between States will be immeasurably more humane than the relations between individuals within a State. So long as the whole organized machinery of the State is used to defend men who live in idle luxury on the labor of others, and to obstruct those others in attempts to secure a more just system, the natural assumptions of men who possess authority can scarcely be such as to restrain them from a ruthless use of force in their dealings with hostile countries. International justice and lasting peace are not to be secured while capitalism persists.

It is especially in America that belief in fundamental economic reconstruction is needed. America has always stood for the ideas which are now known as "Liberal." In 1776, these ideas, as embodied in the Declaration of Independence, represented the Extreme Left, just as much as Bolshevism does now. But even the most advanced ideas cannot be allowed to stand still for a century and a half without finding themselves outstripped by later comers. Liberal ideas are admirable in circumstances which allow a prosperous career to any tolerably vigorous person. Americans, with an immensely rich and fertile continent waiting for their advent, required energy and enterprise and initiative, but little else. They possessed these qualities in a supreme degree; they developed their continent with almost incredible rapidity and skill. In the course of their progress, almost against their will, they have been driven into the position of arbiters of the world's destiny. They may hesitate for a time, they may be reluctant to undertake the responsibilities of the League of Nations, but the power is unavoidably theirs. With the power comes responsibility, however they may hesitate to assume it; and from sense of responsibility to love of dominion is unfortunately a fatally easy step. The United States, having the opportunity of ruling the world, is almost certain, before long, to acquire a taste for doing so.

The sources of American power, so far as can be seen, are not merely momentary. It is true that, at the end of the war, America has certain special advantages: unimpaired wealth, few casualties in spite of large numbers of trained soldiers, a newly-

acquired fleet of merchant ships, and an opportunity of securing naval supremacy. But apart from temporary advantages, there are others of a more permanent sort, which seem likely to increase rather than diminish: an invulnerable territory, the possibility of complete economic self-sufficiency, with a rapidly increasing white population, already larger than the white population of any other single State, and full of all the qualities that promote national strength. No other State can compete against this combination of felicitous circumstances. Whatever America may vigorously desire, the world will have to accept. So long as America is content to believe in the Liberal ideas of 1776, so long not only Bolsheviks or Spartacists, but even conventional Socialists, cannot hope to maintain themselves for more than a moment in any important country: their existence will be inconvenient to American capital, and therefore, through the usual channels for educating public opinion, odious to the American nation. We in the older countries, where opportunities are fewer, and "*la carrière ouverte aux talents*" is a less all-sufficient gospel, are turning more and more towards co-operation as against competition, Socialism as against plutocracy. A Labor Government is likely in this country at no distant date; France and Italy may well follow suit. But nothing that we can do will be secure or stable while America remains faithful to the creed of ruthless individual competition.

We are thus brought back to the point from which we started: the economic unity of the world. The Labor Movement must be international or doomed to perpetual failure; it must conquer America or forego success in Europe until some very distant future. Which of these will happen, I do not profess to know. But I do know that a great responsibility rests upon those who mold progressive thought in America: the responsibility of realizing the new international importance of America, and of understanding why the shibboleths of traditional Liberalism no longer satisfy European lovers of justice. The only right use of power is to promote freedom. The nominal freedom of the wage-slave is a sham and a delusion, as great a sham as the nominal freedom which the Peace Treaty leaves to the Germans. Will America, in her future career of power, content herself with the illusory freedom that exists under capitalist domination? Or will her missionary spirit once more, as in the days of Jefferson, urge men on along the way to the most complete freedom that is possible in the circumstances of the time? It is a momentous question; upon the answer depends the whole future of the human race.

BERTRAND RUSSELL.

## *The Ruin of Bourgeois France*

ONE OF THE SHREWDEST and best-informed observers of international politics that I know said in a letter which I received from him a few days ago: "The economic danger of France is the key to the whole future of Europe." I am convinced that he is right. The critical economic and financial situation in which the war has placed France is also the key to the impossible conditions imposed on Germany by the Allies. The French bourgeoisie sees ruin staring it in the face and its only hope of escape is to enslave Germany and force her to support France. Nothing else can prevent the inevitable collapse or avert national bankruptcy—and that means the end of the bourgeoisie and of the capitalist system. The peace treaty is a desperate attempt to make Germany support France. It cannot succeed. For Germany is not in a condition to give the support required and, even if she signs the treaty, she will not be able to fulfil its conditions.

The French bourgeoisie has committed suicide as surely as did the French noblesse of the 18th century. For more than a century it has been the ruling class, but the days of its ascendancy are numbered. M. Charles Maurras recently expressed in the Royalist paper, *L'Action Française*, the opinion that revolution is imminent; he believes that it will come when the public in general realizes that it was deceived when it was told that Germany would pay for the war and realizes also the consequences of Germany's inability to pay. He is almost certainly right. The realization may be a matter of weeks or months—it may take longer—but sooner or later it is inevitable and its consequences are no less inevitable. The revolution may be preceded by a "White Terror" or a coup d'état but it will come.

There has been since the Armistice a formidable increase in the cost of living in France, which was already much higher than in England, and it continues to increase. The *Œuvre* said on May 22 that prices in Paris had risen about twenty per cent during the last three months, that is to say, since the institution of the Government booths which, according to the optimistic prophecy of their author, M. Vilgrain, were to reduce the cost of living forty per cent. in a fortnight. Sugar is unobtainable, butter adulterated with margarine is \$1.50 a pound; potatoes cost five cents each, French beans, fifty cents a pound, and the prices of meat are fantastic—ranging from about sixty cents to \$1.50 a pound. Clothes and other necessaries are proportionately dear and the landlords are raising the rents about fifty per cent. In these circumstances

it is difficult for the poor to live at all, especially as wages in France have not risen during the war to the same extent as in England and their increase is much smaller in proportion than the increase in the cost of living. Before the war, wages were considerably lower in France than in England and the cost of living was about forty per cent higher.

The present high prices are to a great extent the result of the policy of M. Loucheur, whom M. Clemenceau has placed at the Ministry of Reconstruction. M. Loucheur is interested in a large number of industrial concerns, he has made a huge fortune out of the war, and his notion of reconstruction is to promote the interests of himself and his fellow-profiteers at the expense of the consumer. An illuminating article on M. Loucheur's policy by M. Francis Delaisi, than whom there could be no more competent authority on the subject, was published in the *Manchester Guardian* on May 15. That policy chiefly consists in closing the French market to all English and American manufactured goods, although they are urgently needed in France and have been offered at low prices; only raw materials in the strictest sense of the term—"matières brutes" as distinguished from "matières premières" in general—may be imported without permission. M. Delaisi says that American machines actually bought by the Roubaix spinners have been countermanded by order of the Government and that Ford motorcars, bought and paid for by the State, are rusting in the port of Bordeaux. I may add that M. Loucheur recently fixed by decree prices of paper considerably in excess of the market value, because the French paper trust happens to have large stocks in hand and prices were beginning to fall in spite of the restriction of imports.

The high prices and the consequent misery are, therefore, partly the consequences of the deliberate policy of the Government, that is, of the bourgeoisie. Unrestricted importation, M. Delaisi says, would enable the reconstruction of the invaded departments to be rapidly completed. But that would not suit the profiteers, so M. Loucheur has announced in the Chamber of Deputies that reconstruction will not begin seriously for two years and M. Delaisi says that it will take at least two years more to re-establish the steel works, five or six years to set certain mines going and sixteen years, according to an official report, to rebuild all the houses. The devastated regions, says this eminent French economist, "will have to wait till the factories behind them are ready to work for them."

One of the excuses given for this policy is the necessity of keeping up the rate of exchange and that excuse has until now kept public opinion more or less quiet. But it will do so no longer, for the rate of exchange is rapidly falling against France in spite of the prohibition of imports and at the time of writing is about frs.30.50 to the pound sterling and frs.6.50 to the dollar. It is likely to go on falling unless American and British financiers consent to bolster it up as they did during the war. But such expedients cannot be permanent. Many financial experts consider that the real value of the franc in England is now not more than about six-pence and sooner or later it will find its true level. The depreciation of the French currency is the natural result of the reckless issue of paper money. The total value of the French banknotes in circulation at the end of 1911 was \$1,360,000,000; in August 1917, it was \$2,400,000,000; it is now \$8,000,000,000. Against this huge issue of forced paper currency the Bank of France has a gold and silver reserve of only £1,170,000,000. Of the total value of banknotes in circulation the sum of \$5,400,000,000 is a loan from the Bank of France to the State. For the French Government has now resorted to the expedient of meeting the national expenditure by the issue of paper money. A further issue of \$800,000,000 has just been authorized—it is included in the total quoted—of which \$600,000,000 represent a loan from the Bank of France to the State to meet the deficit on the budget for the next three months. But that deficit will be much larger unless the holders of War Bonds ("Bons de la Défense Nationale") now falling due consent to renew them, for the receipts from taxes for the three months are estimated at only \$560,000,000, whereas the estimated expenditure is \$2,600,000,000. The "Bons de la Défense Nationale" are repayable three, six or twelve months after issue and the amount issued and unredeemed up to January was \$4,600,000,000. The receipts from taxes thus meet little more than one-fifth of the current expenditure and the balance has to be found by the issue of paper money and by borrowing at short term. The finances of France are being conducted on the principles of a spendthrift "fils de famille." The National Debt, which at the outbreak of the war was \$6,400,000,000 was \$33,600,000,000 three months ago and is still increasing.

For this state of affairs the bourgeoisie has a heavy responsibility by its obstinate refusal to make any contribution worth mentioning to the cost of the war. The Income Tax, adopted by the Chamber in 1909 and hung up for years by the Senate, was

at last applied in an emasculated form during the war in spite of the violent protests of the bourgeoisie and its organs in the press, but even now its highest rate is only twenty per cent on the largest incomes and that rate is not payable on the whole of the income. Moreover the whole agricultural population—about half the population of France—is entirely exempted from it and there is reason to believe that the rich make very imperfect returns of their incomes, which are accepted without any serious investigation. In any case the income tax has produced much less than it should have produced even at its present rate and its collection is considerably in arrear.

While the bourgeoisie refused to pay for the war, it is the class chiefly responsible for its prolongation. Almost at any time after the middle of 1915, plebiscite would have resulted in a large majority for peace by negotiation, and at least three times during the war the feeling of the country was so strong that France was within an ace of a successful movement to stop the war. Had not the United States come in when they did, France would have gone out of the war in the Spring of 1917 and in May 1918 the internal situation was again critical. But the Parisian bourgeoisie, as has so often happened during the last hundred years, succeeded in keeping its grip on the country by means of the centralized Administration and persisted in continuing the war to the bitter end—to the "Pyrrhic victory" which, according to M. Clemenceau, France has at last won. It did so chiefly because it believed that Germany would pay. Whenever one urged that the cost should be counted, whenever one tried to point out the inevitable ruin to which France was being conducted, that was the invariable reply: "Les Allemands paieront." Many people were even deluded enough to believe that France would make a profit out of the war. The indemnity: that was the aim for which the French bourgeoisie continued the war, more than for any Imperialist designs, even more than for Alsace-Lorraine. The general public shared the delusion to a great extent and the belief that Germany would pay alone induced the French people to go on.

Now the bourgeoisie recognizes that Germany cannot pay and it is aghast at the ruin that confronts it. And the public that has been deceived is beginning to realize that fact. The Government resorts to the desperate expedients that have been described in order, if possible, to postpone the day of reckoning. On the one hand it tries by the peace treaty to make Germany support France; on the other hand it hopes that by means of paper money and war bonds it may succeed in evading the solu-

tion of the financial problems at least until after the general election and in bequeathing it as a legacy to its successors. Poor M. Klotz cannot even suggest a possible solution of that problem; indeed there is none. It is a vicious circle: if the rate of exchange falls, French importers pay more for everything that they buy, but it can be kept up only by restricting imports; if imports are restricted, prices will go on rising in France and the invaded regions will wait for their reconstruction; if fresh issues of paper money continue, the currency must be depreciated and the exchange will fall in spite of the restriction of imports, but without fresh issues of paper money it will be impossible to make both ends meet. Current expenditures can be met in no other way without an income tax averaging something like sixty per cent all round, which is impossible, for it would mean either starvation for people with small incomes or a tax of 100 per cent on large incomes; and even such a tax would not cover all the liabilities of the next two years.

In fact France is insolvent and the only possible way out is bankruptcy—the repudiation of the National Debt. When the pressure becomes intolerable, that will be demanded by the mass of the people. During the last three months Socialism has made immense strides. The circulation of *L'Humanité* which was only 55,000 in October, has risen to more than 200,000. The peasants, disgusted with the economic and financial consequences of the war, for which they were never enthusiastic, are turning towards the Socialist party. The salaried proletariat, if one may so call it, is uniting with the proletariat paid by wages. Actors and scene-shifters combine in the same Trade Union, which is affiliated to the General Confederation of Labor, and 25,000 bank clerks on strike have marched down the Grand Boulevards of Paris. This union between the headworkers and the hand-workers is one of the most striking signs of change. The bourgeoisie might perhaps save itself at the eleventh hour by accepting a large levy on capital, but it is probably too late even for that to save it and in any case the bourgeoisie will never consent to any pecuniary sacrifice. "These people are quite

ready to give their sons to be killed," said an eminent Frenchman some three years ago of the French bourgeoisie, "but you mustn't ask them for five francs."

The downfall of the French bourgeoisie will be the penalty of a selfishness and an avarice unsurpassed by any class in any country or any age. For nearly five years it has gambled with the lives of men for the stake of a crushing indemnity; and it has lost. What we must hope for is that the Socialist and Trade Union leaders will be strong enough and will have behind them a sufficiently strong organization to prevent violence and bloodshed, for the wrath of a deceived and ruined people will be terrible. And there is not too much time to prepare for the consequences that the coming catastrophe in France will have for the rest of Europe and of the world.

One explanation that has been given of Mr. Wilson's concessions to French, British, and Italian Imperialism and of his lamentable compromises on his principles is that he feared to precipitate a revolution in France if he retired from the peace conference. It is possible that the explanation has some foundation and, if Mr. Wilson had such a fear, there was some justification for it. But it is not a sufficient reason for his capitulation, for, if the fear be justified, the French Government at any rate would have yielded rather than allow Mr. Wilson to withdraw. And Mr. Wilson's capitulation has only made the revolution more certain. Had he stood firm and secured a peace in accordance with the principles which he laid down and which the Allies and Germany accepted, he might have saved bourgeois society at least for a time. His failure is regarded as the final failure of the bourgeoisie and has convinced the mass of the people whose hopes in him have been so bitterly disappointed, that there is nothing to hope from a capitalist society and that only a radical change can make possible the ideals which Mr. Wilson aimed at and has failed to attain.

Perhaps the future will show that Mr. Wilson, by his weakness, drove the last nail into the coffin of European capitalism.

ROBERT DELL.

### *On the Road to Eden*

Trellised grapevines shall be our walls, with the patterned interweaving of leaves and tasseled spheres,  
And the broad down-curving thatch of an apple tree shall roof us  
With the apples like little round lanterns, honey-colored, blurred with cerise,  
Swung to the rafters over our heads.  
We shall have a great sunflower on its stalk for a grandfather's clock,  
And, if you miss a glimpse of the sea,  
We can plant a strip of cabbages along the horizon  
To refresh our eyes with their cool frosted green.

ELIZABETH J. COATSWORTH.

## A Word About Realism

OSCAR WILDE defined art as the telling of beautiful lies. His own work is the best example of his theory. The working out of such a doctrine is, at its highest, *De Profundis*, which, written in the insight and the inspiration of forced asceticism in prison, becomes a travesty in the light of later events. Even *Reading Gaol* falls short of perfection by just those conscious repetitions and sounding phrases which indicate that the poet's eye was fixed not on truth but on the attempt to make beauty serve a lie. Wilde's case is the case for all anti-realists, whether their banner be marked Classic or Romantic. Such labels are themselves subject to gradual revision in so far as they indicate living tendencies. It is one whom the professors of literature dub a romanticist who enunciated the eternal motto of realism, threw down the gage of defiance to the whole theory of art as decorative or formal or symbolic or vague or creative of a super-real:

Beauty is truth, truth beauty; that is all  
We know on earth and all we need to know.

The realist is the indomitable searcher after that truth. He is the writer humble enough to conceive that truth as the world gives it to him is of more worth than a universe created out of his own omnipotence. He maintains that the man to whom truth as he sees it is not more beautiful than any lie can no more create a work of art than he can live an effective life. After all, since we are not God we must remain subjects, not makers, of the universe.

Many of us have no personal memory of the nineteenth century storm against Zola; we were not even intrigued into an interest in Russian novels by the necessity of reading them in the attic or the woodshed. But we still catch echoes of a conception of realism which shows the inconvenience of static terms to express growing processes. Some aroma of distaste still clings to the word; for when a friend remarked in literary company that realistic writing is the only kind worth doing, the remark was not ignored as a platitude, but was combatted with some heat as either a wilful paradox or a woefully erroneous doctrine.

When this odor of unsanctity is analyzed, three distinct connotations of the term realism may be detected. The first is the view that realism is non-selective, photographic, a "cross-section of life"; the second is the notion that realism consists of the outpourings of minds morbidly attentive to sewerage, like the dirt eaters noted in books on abnormal psychology; the third, brought upon us by the ad-

vent of free verse and the return of the three volume novel, accuses realism of indifference to or opposition to all "form."

The modern development of realism has certain definite and easily discernible characteristics, but they are not these. I do not know whether any writer has tried to give a photographic presentation of a single hour in a single life—if he seriously tried it, he either gave it up or landed in an asylum for the insane. Selection is not a desideratum of art: it is unavoidable. Not even the three volume novel would suffice for a complete account of that one hour. A "cross-section of life" may be had only by living through it, with the use of every sense. In his crabbed fashion, Hegel, who said many true things which few people have the patience to read, wrote that "the real has an infinite number of marks." It can never be fully described. This residue of distinguishing marks is what differentiates it from any image we may form, however elaborate.

The realist, then, like everyone else, must select. And, like everyone else, he must admit that his rank as an artist depends on what things he omits. When he tries—faithfully to "hold the mirror up to nature," he must acknowledge that even when we look at a landscape we do not see it all—the vision is modified by selective attention. What will be seen depends on the observer. Thus, when opponents of the realists accuse them of wasting four hundred pages on the unimportant, when the popular magazines praise their own "red blooded fiction, packed with action," the difference of opinion hinges on what things are important, what constitutes action. Combing one's hair is of course as genuinely action as is committing a murder.

The sign of the realist is that he refuses to admit that murder is intrinsically more important than hair-combing. His attention is focused on action, not for its own sake, but for its significance in illuminating humanity, in aiding our visual faculty to picture either outward appearance or inner mood. Indeed it is only in outward semblance that thoughts or emotions are ever revealed. Because he takes seriously this commonplace, the realist cares intensely how things *look*, and to him all details are important which help us to see. Action and thought or emotion are as body and mind. Mere adventure without meaning is as dull as noise without rhythm or tune. It does not so much matter what happens as how and why it happens. Irrelevant action in a story is annoying as a fire bell rung for a joke is annoying. We demand meaning behind events;

and meaning is in terms of the human mind. On the other hand, ideas or emotions in abstraction, with no body by which we can see them, are as futile as ghosts. But meaning is not always incarnated in the most exciting events. When the realistic writer, therefore, descends to the apparently trivial, beware! For in literature, as in life, the trivial is most often the way of revelation.

When the realist is accused of preoccupation with the gutter, he may well retort that such preoccupation is on the contrary romantic. Reaction against the assertion that tragedy belongs only to crowned heads and that only a very limited range of experience is appropriate to treatment in art, naturally led to a kicking of blithe heels in hitherto forbidden pastures, to a seeking for beauty in the "totally uninhabited interior," and to impatience with the long-trodden ways. But to glory in the sordid as such, to exalt the romance of ugliness, is foreign to the whole purpose of realistic fiction. It is subordinating interest in humanity to interest in a dogma; and this can never be realism.

It lies deep in human nature to revel in doing what we have been taught is naughty; the force of the reaction is one of the effects of a too close restriction. But the "conspiracy of silence" has been so long broken that the novelty of revolt is wearing off. Our serious novelists are tiring of an exclusive devotion to the analysis of sexual aberrations. They can no longer shock anybody, so what is the use? They are regaining their sense of proportion, which means neither suppression nor over-emphasis. Compton Mackenzie and J. D. Beresford, for example, treat of sex with entire candor in its relation to life. But their books deal with the religious and economic adventures of their heroes, no less fully than with their sexual experiences. William McFee shows the same fine sense of the complexity of human experience. The realists are strong in the faith that where truth is, there beauty will be also.

By "unpleasant topics," the detractors of realism usually have reference to this question of sex. As a matter of fact, they do not object to the topic, but only to the topic when it is not treated romantically. So long as we have "five reelers" like *The Gangster's Girl*, and plays like *Camille*, and hundreds of best sellers whose one concern is the pursuit of a woman by a man, with the implication that wedding bells ring down the curtain on interest in life, we cannot hang as a millstone round the neck of the realist, preoccupation with sex and the sordid underworld.

There is an old saw to the effect that orthodoxy is my doxy and heterodoxy your doxy.

"'Form' is my form; your form is no form at all," says the metrist to the vers librist, the novel of "construction" to the novel like *Sinister Street*, which closes in the hero's twenty-fourth year only because, the author assures us, it would take too long to continue it until he is seventy. But there is no disorder, says Bergson; there are only different kinds of order. So long as words are written in succession and books have somewhere an ending, there can be no absence of form. The creation of new forms is by no means a new process. The molds into which an age pours its self-expression have always been remodelled according to the needs and impulses of the time. No one nowadays writes blank verse epics or uses for his social satire the rhymed couplets of Pope. The innovation of blank verse in Elizabethan plays raised a commotion fully as violent as that directed against the *Spoon River Anthology*—which itself, by the way, far from adopting a new form, harks back to the Greek Anthology. Form is nothing but the chosen method of expression; and so long as expression is sought at all, just so long must some method be chosen from among a multitude of possible methods, some form adopted or created. Already there are expounders of the formalistic elements in free verse. Already there is some recognition that the psychological, biographical novel is not wanting in construction, though its construction may differ from that of the novel wherein the hero and heroine, each unmistakably labeled, meet in the first chapter and are married in the last. Our new wine must have new bottles. The only question to be asked concerning form is whether it is an appropriate vehicle for the substance which it embodies.

In its war against romanticism as a literary method, realism by no means disdains genuine romance. It is concerned only to draw the line very sharply between romance and sentimentality. Romance may represent a great truth. Certainly romantic elements in life and feeling are facts to be recognized like all other facts, and as such are to be reckoned with, not denied, in any veritable presentation of life. It is only when romance is set up as somehow *above* reality instead of a part of it, that it becomes dangerous. Sentimentality, the imitation of an emotion for the sake of following convention or of pointing a moral, is a foe to all originality and sincerity in art. The trouble with the romantic method is, that it has set up a hieroglyphic system of "proper" feelings and situations which have no relation to life and are useless as interpretation, guide, inspiration, or description.

The new realism, then, is opposed to falsification of the outward or inner semblance of things, for the

sake of symbolism or beauty or morality or for any purpose whatsoever. Reality never looks the same to two different people. It is incumbent on the artist only to present the truth as it presents itself to him.

The new realism is also opposed to the subordination of presentation to propaganda. Truth for truth's sake, might be its slogan. Life is its own exceeding justification. To reveal humanity to itself is the function of the artist. Shaw, who hates romanticism as stanchly as any man now living, falls short of being a realist because he never immerses himself in his characters, is never interested in them for their own sakes, never forgets that he is a preacher. There is a high place for preachers; only it should be remembered that it is never the same place as that occupied by the artists. The preacher always wants to *do something* to reality; he cares less about understanding it than about pushing it along in the direction he wants it to pursue. It is the mission of the realist to comprehend, not to judge.

Finally, the new realism is a foe to vagueness. There is no such thing as seeing too clearly, it holds. Vagueness in expression is only a cloak for vagueness of conception; and vagueness of conception is only a cloak for laziness. The reader or the writer who maintains that clarity dissipates his enjoyment is either too cowardly or too indolent to face the difficulties of precision.

The whole mission of art is to transcribe impressions—sensuous, mental, or emotional. In this sense accuracy is the final test of style; if a style is such that it can recapture a fleeting mood, the whisking tail of a scampering feeling, the aspiration which is

by common mortals indefinable, it is after all simply an *accurate style*. If it transcribes beauty so that we see and feel beauty as the writer saw and felt it, glorying in all the most glowing colors of diction for the purpose, the highest which it can attain is an accurate presentment of that beauty. If this seem like dragging the miracle of art into the light of common day—why, common day, though greatly maligned, remains the best light for seeing things.

The attainment of realism may be expressed in Carlyle's fine phrase: "Finding the ideal in the actual." Do we thus steal the thunder of the professed idealists? But the idealists, the mystics, and the symbolists insist that the actual is the one place where their ideal cannot possibly find abiding place. It can be found, say they, only in Maeterlinckian grottos or Dunsany temples—never in the Bronx nor along the Main Street of Keokuk, Iowa.

The early "laboratory" realists may indeed have denied the ideal elements of life, fleeing like hermits from the sins of the sentiment-ridden world. But their modern descendants, so far from reducing life to its physical elements, write whole plays about justice, whole trilogies about the struggle of a man and a woman to wrest the divine, romantic meaning out of the dusty business of printshop and boarding house and matrimony. So far from being pessimistic, such work gives us the only hope that glory may shine over life as we have to live it, that we, in the integrity of our personalities, are, if Bennett or Galsworthy or Mackenzie could only drop into the office or the shop some morning and see us, every whit as interesting, as heroic, as *Clayhanger* or *Falder* or *Michael Fane*. **NANCY BARR MAVITY.**

## War Music

The shame and blood be on your head!  
You it was their hearts that led,  
Quickened their deluded feet,  
Sang them to their own deceit.

Taunted with sounds of bravery,  
Lured them with songs of victory,  
With your shrill, shrill, shrill strains  
Drowned their hearts, drowned their brains.

O rhythm and rhyme, snaring man's will,  
O treacherous splendor of sound, be still!  
Bugle and fife, yours is the blame;  
Bugle and fife and drum, be still for shame.

**HELEN HOYT.**

*The Voyages of Conrad*

IN 1873, A POLISH LAD of fifteen, walking in the Alps with his tutor, dismayed that gentleman by a declaration of independence. He proposed to give up his country and career, in order to take his chances on the sea. A few years later he was sailing on the Mediterranean, that "nursery of the craft." Then he realized his dream by becoming associated with the English flag—incidentally learning the English language. He went on far voyages, seeing little of Europe for a quarter of a century. Finally, he accomplished his second transformation: the Polish lad became a great writer of English. The boy was named Jozef Korzeniowski—the writer is known to fame as Joseph Conrad.

The adventurous spirit thus manifest is characteristic of Conrad's mind and work. Romance is his great word, genuinely romantic are his favorite heroes. He arrays them against the manifold visage and challenge of the seven seas. He is primarily the psychologist of mariners, he is Henry James on a South Sea Island.

Let us follow some of his rovings. The real voyages of Jozef Korzeniowski concern us only as a basis for the fictional adventures that his double, Conrad, has narrated. We know that a dozen actual ships and scenes served as a springboard for his imagination. The publishers of his tales have recently charted for us the voyages undertaken by his dream-ships in seas that often Conrad alone has adequately celebrated. We will cruise with these ships, not in chronological order, but widening out from the author's favorite center. Usually his ports of call are found in Malaysian waters and his ordinary beat is that of his hero, Heyst—"a circle with a radius of eight hundred miles drawn round a point in North Borneo." This point is approximately the scene of Almayer's Folly, with which book we begin to cruise.

The original of Almayer, inadequate and shiftless dreamer, had been studied along the muddy banks of the Pantai, where the story unrolls. The breath of this poisonous backwater eats into the characters and the sunset gold of the Pantai symbolizes the vain greed of Almayer. Swathed in mist, the river hides a pair of lovers and their canoe; it is a sleeping world, wherein all the ardent life of the tropics is transferred to the beating hearts of Dain and Nina. Finally—and this is the actual voyage—Almayer watches his daughter and her lover depart in a violent brazen light; he watches the vanishing canoe that holds their embracing

figures, and he dies in his curses, unforgiving and abandoned.

The ardor and chivalry of the Malays, their passionate pride, again fascinates Conrad in Karain. Our circle now widens out to include the Archipelago around Borneo. Karain's mad avenging journey, as he tells it, proceeds from the monster-shaped Celebes, past "a great mountain burning in the midst of water," past myriad islands that are scattered like shards from the gun of a demigod, to Java, with its stone campongs and its slavish population. Then on to unhealthy Delli, where a blossoming thicket hid Karain and his brother-in-arms, the two avengers; and there the deluded Malay kills his friend instead of the too ravishing woman who should have been the victim.

This is an intensely tragic voyage. The more epic and comic Typhoon is a tale of endurance and conquest. Reaching beyond the Philippines, its scene is laid near the northernmost point of the Malaysian circle. In the narrow dangerous China seas, near Formosa, the Nan-Shan encountered one of the worst storms ever recorded. She was saved by the dullness and obstinacy of her Captain MacWhirr, a man—witness his name—of no imagination. Just as his stupid dutiful letters home are barely read by a yawning family, so does his imperviousness disgust Jukes, the livelier chief mate. MacWhirr has never yet been in a great storm, but you feel that, as a crustacean, he is prepared for one. He greets the danger-signals with the obvious remark that there must be "some dirty weather knocking about." It becomes a Typhoon and knocks everybody about: the officers scurrying on their duties from pillar to post; the cargo, namely two hundred coolies, who presently begin sliding to and fro in a mass of boxes, pigtailed, and dollars. They are roped in like an unruly herd. Jukes plunges down to the engine-room and from that gleaming Inferno the boat seems submerged by the greatest blow yet; tons of water descend, sufficient to wipe out everything; those in the engine-room stare at one another aghast; and through the speaking-tube the captain's voice goes on unperturbed, attending strictly to business.

When the Nan-Shan was virtually a wreck and the wind fell, they were caught in the circular whirl of the hurricane; but the captain and the boat kept their heads up and came to anchorage, to the astonishment of Jukes, the reader, and all the seamen in the harbor. Mrs. MacWhirr, in a far-off, forty-

pound house, stifled a yawn at the captain's dull account of his voyage.

On the other side of the Archipelago are the peregrinations told of in *The End of the Tether*. The blind Captain Whalley touches bottom as mate of the coasting craft Sofala, which beats up and down its sixteen-hundred-mile circular route through the Malacca Straits. Needing the money for his daughter, Captain Whalley has descended to this from much greater voyages. To hold his position, he has concealed his oncoming blindness, depending on the eyes of his faithful Malay serang. But he is suspected by his worthless officers, one of whom, near Pangu Bay, piles the steamer up on the reef—and the captain will not survive his charge.

Such is the third journey in Conrad's chief volume of *nouvelles*. The others of the trilogy are *Youth* and *Heart of Darkness*, both of which are reminiscences. Who has not read *Youth*, that record of gallantry, endurance, romance, and humor? It tells of Marlow's very first voyage, beginning far out of our circle, but aiming for the "white" of it, for that Bangkok which is the scene of *Falk* and from which Conrad's own first command set sail. Marlow's boat was the *Judea*—"all rust, dust, grime—soot aloft, dirt on deck." But on her stern she bore the imperative and romantic motto "Do or Die." And Bangkok for Marlow promised all the thrill and wonder of the unknown East.

Bound first for an English port to load on with coal, the *Judea* spent a week in getting to the Yarmouth Roads. There was a gale; she shifted ballast; the crew were set to the "grave-diggers' work" of righting her. After long delay in loading, she had a collision with a steamer, and waited three weeks more. Another gale, 300 miles W. of the Lizards, tore up the old ship and the crew turned to endless pumping. But still the battered craft threw out "like an appeal, like a defiance, like a cry to the clouds without mercy, the words written on her stern: 'Judea, London. Do or Die.'" And for Marlow, aetate 20, the faith, the endeavor, the imagination of *Youth* were in that cry.

Their deck-house was blown away and they put back to Falmouth. Three times they put back to Falmouth. The crew refused, and no wonder, to trust that leaky and bewitched hooker, now six months on the road to Bangkok and not yet clear of England. You ask if they ever reached Bangkok? Almost. They finally got to the Indian Ocean, they neared Java Head—when the coal caught fire. Still sailing for Bangkok, "Do or Die," they fought that fire for days and just as they seemed to conquer it, the cargo blew up. The ship herself blew up, after a steamer had taken the

wreck in tow. But the crew had saved all they could, and Marlow, in charge of his own boat, presently sighted Java—his first vision of the East, "the East of the ancient narrators, mysterious, resplendent, and somber." *The Judea* did and died; her second mate had begun to live.

From the year of grace 1900 dates the personal history of Lord Jim and the record of the pilgrimage, the *Patna*. She was a rusty lean cosmopolite, who at some Eastern port took on her cargo of eight hundred faithful ignorant cattle-like pilgrims. Her officers, barring the untried Jim, were all scamps and bullies. Unlike the men of the *Judea* and the *Nan-Shan*, these fellows are not true seamen; and that, with Conrad, always spells disaster. His picture of the early part of the voyage is one of his greatest pieces of descriptive writing. After clearing the Strait, the *Patna* headed through the "one-degree" passage for the Red Sea, borne down by an oppressive sun, sailing on a stagnant ocean. Under a slender shaving of a moon, not far from where the Arabian Sea joins the Red, something happened. A collision with a derelict shook the ship and the souls upon her. The scared officers, believing her about to sink, took to the boats, abandoning the *Patna* and her pilgrims.

In the record, shifted and twisted from a dozen angles, we feel all of human dread and cowardice, all of human pity for the doomed eight hundred, who yet were not doomed but successfully towed by a French gunboat into Aden. The *Patna* was saved. Only her officers were damned. The rest of the story, dealing with the "case" of Jim; his wanderings like those of the accursed Jew, his atonement in savage Patusan, will concern us later.

In a previous voyage, described in *The Nigger of the Narcissus* we meet with foul weather off the Cape and with that admirable cook, who at the height of the storm accomplishes the miracle of making coffee. His declaration "as long as she swims I will cook" becomes the motto of the desperate and dauntless boat. For here we are in the presence of "the dumb courage of men obscure, forgetful, and enduring." Throughout the windings of their limited and superstitious souls there has passed the taut shiver of responsibility, of "Do or Die." The *Narcissus* is no *Patna*. It is with admiration and fellowship that Conrad bids these seamen farewell. It has been said that this story best "conjures up the actual spirit of a voyage," the smell of the ocean, the ship moving through the tropical heat.

We have already twice swung around the Cape in Conrad's wake; his farther reaches take us into the penetralia of the West African Coast. As a

boy he had dreamed of the dark and dreadful Congo. In the incomparable Heart of Darkness, under the witching spell of the narrator Marlow, we are taken far up this river, which, resembling an "immense snake uncoiled," buries its tail in the tenebrous wilderness. Kurtz, that leader of men, has lost both his moral sense and his life. An expedition has been sent to pluck him out. The steamboat crawled along the gloomy silent Congo; it was "like traveling back to the earliest beginnings of the world, when the big trees were kings." An uncertain channel, a sluggish atmosphere, wonderfully conveyed in the telling, saurians on sandbanks, and especially the "stillness of an implacable force, vengefully watching." It had watched poor Kurtz to some purpose, for when, after experiences with cannibals, ivory, attacks from the jungle—when you, I, and Marlow reach the heart of darkness, we find that its powers have driven Kurtz to head-hunting, megalomania, and the point of death.

Far-flung tangents from the circle are traced by other voyages which may be briefly summarized. There is the transatlantic venture by which the hero of Romance comes to peril and thirst and the most adorable of stately señoritas on the Spanish Main. There is the savage brute of a boat (Sydney to London) which slays a passenger every trip and whose cruel anchor catches up and crushes the mate's sweetheart before his eyes. There is the Ferndale (London to Port Elizabeth), on which occurs the singular incident narrated in that obscure book, *Chance*. If *Victory* has most of Stevenson in its scheme, *Chance* has most of Henry James in its method. Gradually Conrad has become more interested in souls than in ships; also he stays longer and more persuasively in the society of women.

That brings us to his inland voyages, which are of two kinds, geographical and psychological. As regards the first kind, for over twenty years Conrad scarcely saw the continent of Europe, and the journeys which traverse that continent—such tales as *Under Western Eyes*—are to my thinking almost negligible. But the voyages of discovery into the varieties of human hearts and situations demand fuller treatment. They demand first of all some reckoning with the author's philosophy.

Traveling always from one place to another, shifting imaginatively from standpoint to standpoint, Conrad has naturally come to view life as a great panorama, and art as an adventurous cruise. Life is a succession of scenes and the "master of the show" is the goddess Maia. Illusion is the word most frequently on Conrad's lips—illusions of youth, of hope, in fact the "darkness of a world

of illusions" in which his best-beloved romantic characters appear as beautiful vanishing figure-heads. Sombre and splendid, they come, they flash, they go. "Ports are no good, ships rot, men go to the devil." Conrad's pessimism becomes more sardonic and matter-of-fact in his later books. But throughout he is saved by his absolute love of the sea and seamen, and by his belief in a certain steadiness and sturdiness which is essentially nautical. We have seen how he displays courage and character in his best sailors. Again, the artistic compass by which he steers swings resolutely to the pole of Truth. Sincerity and a kind of austere control guide this romantic realist who can on the one hand define literary criticism as a high adventure of personality—exactly like Anatole France—and on the other achieve restraint in the deepest emotion of *Lord Jim* or *Lena*.

Conrad is professedly not "literary" in the special sense. He lived only for the sea and did not write a line until his thirty-sixth year. It is natural then that the sea's rhythm should be found in his sentences, something of her swift fickleness in his restless eye. He has often compared artistic creation to voyaging. Each effort is like the "everlasting somber stress of the winter passage around Cape Horn." Each story gets under way as leisurely as the Judea. There are voyages into the consciousness of a hundred heroes, into the thwarted spirit of Kurtz, into the self-deception of the Nigger, a voyage of discovery to learn simply that Captain Whalley is blind, another outward tragedy that ends in inner Victory. From this mental and moral *Odyssey* I will detail only a few episodes, which will likewise serve as specimens of Conrad's constructive technique. There are two main sorts: the voyage that flits from one interest, group, or situation to another, using each cursorily as a port of call; the voyage which proceeds from one psychological standpoint to another, plumbing the depths of each soul, through its own narrative and confession.

Of the first kind, the epic story of *Nostromo*—regarded by some as Conrad's greatest—is typical. We know the immense labor that went into this presentation (based on almost no experience) of a South American republic. The result, I believe, is a tangle, a too intricate web. The adventurous interest is to find the pattern, which is not zero as in musical comedy, but nearer infinity, as in *Balzac*. In fact, *Balzac*'s method rules. From an initial situation, in *medias res*, we travel back to one set of people and then to another, with fresh digressions and dossiers, eddies and whirlpools. We sink into the maelstrom of an individual experience

to emerge into the muddy froth of revolutionary parties. We are led astray by an undated log-book, which produces much confusion of time and place. We are frustrated by unclear sequences and contrary winds and we chart our course in a dozen directions.

To this excessive ramble one is justified in preferring the stiller depths of *Lord Jim*. Here Conrad nearly attains his desired unity of effect, the atmospheric steeping which is the essence of his romanticism. Here, at least, there is a single subject, a mountain of a subject, which we cruise around and see through the eyes of several observers. The author uses his pet device of first-person narration. The reminiscent and gloomy Marlow first appears here and tells us, too lengthily, nearly the whole story of Jim's failure and rehabilitation. But that is only one point of view. There is also the inner circle of Jim's own consciousness, gradually becoming distinct. There are the successive sidelights thrown episodically by the self-sufficient Brierly, by the French captain, with his touchstone of honor, by the merchant who retrieves and establishes Jim in Patusan. There are the crowning lights thrown by Jim's dusky sweetheart and his chivalrous brother-in-arms—spotlights for the catastrophe.

Here again space and time are introverted or confused, but the main end is gained and we have a progressively ascending study of one temperament mirrored through several others. . . . In *Chance*, these others are quite evidently of the sort usually chosen by Henry James: the first-person narrator, curious but limited in knowledge, the dull conventional couple who guard the unfortunate heroine, the viewpoint of the romantic captain who weds and saves her.

But it is in *Victory* that we find the happiest amalgamation of the true Conrad with his cosmopolitan masters—for certainly his technique is much more exotic than English. With *Victory* we are in the heart of Malaysia again and we are furthermore in the hearts of the various actors in this passionate

drama. The magnanimous self-tormented Heyst is set off against the cupidity and villainies of old Schomberg, Ricardo, and "plain Mr. Jones." With most of these we stay for several chapters, while each expounds his attitude and outlook. They are loosely enclosed within two outer rings of observation, that of the semi-detached narrator and of the peripatetic Captain Davidson, who brings news of Heyst and the girl on the island. The triumph of the book is the girl herself, her gradual rise from a dull sulkiness—Conrad is strangely fond of sulky women—to participation in Heyst's scheme for her rescue, and finally to an overwhelming gratitude reaching the point of self-immolation. Her growth in consciousness and effectiveness is a marvel of psychological portrayal, set amid stirring deeds. The Spanish heroine of the *Arrow of Gold* (Doubleday, Page; 1919) is, on the other hand, already fully grown; almost as grown as her creator, in her strange mingling of deep romance and disillusionment.

Mr. Richard Curle, Conrad's biographer and critic, has found over ninety strongly realized characters in his work. What a power of vision is needed to conceive sharply all these diverse types! The creative mind has roamed from the duellist Feraud, of Napoleon's time, to the chivalrous dark-skinned Dain, from caged and restless English girls (Bessie Carvil, Flora de Barral) to the romantic Ninas and Seraphinas of exotic strain. Literally from China to Peru Conrad has voyaged and observed. He has depicted vast rivers and "those seas of God" in all their myriad changes—sunny smiles hurrying into darkness, sluggish peace alternating with riot and cruelty. Much has he traveled in the realms of gold—so much that the deferent reviewer can see only two more major adventures for him to undertake. The first would be to visit this country, as he once proposed to do. May he long delay the great Departure, the uncertain landfall of the second voyage!

E. PRESTON DARGAN.

## *A Parasite Novel*

**T**HE REALITY OF CHARACTERS in fiction depends on a multitude of adventitious circumstances. We believe in a man because he lives in a known town, on a particular street, at a special number; because he belongs to a certain religious sect or political party; because he dresses in conventional black or in sport tweeds; because he has a squint, a wen, a stammer, or smells of garlic. One of the methods of

the realist is the identification of characters by families; and since family is so important an institution to the English, we should expect to find that method greatly in vogue in the English novel. Thackeray as an English gentleman recognizes his characters by their family connections, and one of the ways in which he makes his whole social fabric convincing is by carrying his families on from novel

to novel. A modern edition of Thackeray's novels should be furnished with a series of genealogical trees, as Hardy's with a map of Wessex.

In *The Gay-Dombey* (Macmillan) Sir Harry Johnston has reared a family structure of his own on a foundation established for him by a famous predecessor. *Dombey and Son* was the novel in which Dickens dealt most specifically with the theme of family and the curse of family pride, so properly punished in the misfortune of the senior Dombey—the flight of his wife, the death of his son, the downfall of his house. Now comes Sir Harry Johnston to show us the family revived through the marriage of Florence Dombey to Walter Gay, whose name yields through hyphenization to hers, so that the son and heir of the house is Paul Dombey III. And accompanying the Dombneys into the second and third generations there is a similar projection of their compatriots in the world of Dickens. Suzanne, daughter of Sir Walter Gay-Dombey and Florence, is married to a Lord Feenix. Harriet Carver's son, Eustace Morven, a faithful retainer of the house of Dombey, is the hero of the book. His inspiration comes to him from Professor Lacrevey, F.R.S., whose sister, Adele, is his first love. The Toodles stock has borne a railway promoter; Sir James Tudell, a popular actress, Bella Delorme, and a blackleg journalist, Baxendale Strangeways. There is also a Sir Mulberry Hawk, a Barnet Skettles, and a Lord Algernon Verisopht. These people start thus with a certain inherited reality which is increased by a resemblance in character or position to personalities of the day. That of Josiah Choselwhit to Joseph Chamberlain, and of Lord Wiltshire to Lord Salisbury, are most noteworthy. For the rest Sir Harry creates his human background from the world which he has known, the late Victorian. At Sir Walter's party, with which the tale opens in 1887, the characters above noted are set off by a background consisting of the Bancrofts, Henry Irving, John Hare, George Grossmith, Eric Lewis, Beerbohm Tree, Ellen Terry, Arthur Pinero, several Rothschilds and Oxford Dons, Arthur Balfour (who talked theology with Mrs. Humphry Ward), W. S. Gilbert, Arthur Sullivan (who played the accompaniment for Antoinette Stirling to sing *The Lost Chord*, DuMaurier, Margot Tennant (Dodo), Corney Grain (who delighted everyone with his parodies), and Oscar Wilde (who shocked them with his epigrams). Altogether an easy way to get the human stuff for a novel. Why is it not done oftener?

The method of the story is equally nonchalant. It follows for a main thread the biography of Sir Eustace Morven—explorer, consul, commissioner with governing power in tropical Africa. The im-

plication that the book is based on the documents of Sir Eustace gives plausibility to the African material, for which Sir Harry Johnston's own career is ample authority. The second episode of the book in interest, and the first in dramatic handling, is the love affair of Paul Dombey III. And for background there are English politics and administration represented by the Feenixes, Skettles, and Mulberry Hawks, the imperial inefficiency against which Sir Eustace breaks his life; there is English society at Sir Walter Gay-Dombey's house in Onslow Square or at Lord Wiltshire's or Lord Feenix's country houses, with its imperial cynicism; there is English religion represented by the orthodoxy of solemn Canon S. Edward Dombey, and the superstition of the Second Advent held strongly by Eustace's mother; the English stage represented by Belle Delorme; English journalism by Baxendale Strangeways; and English art by the estheticism of Percival and Lucretia Dombey. It is all the substance of experience and observation, a journalistic record of certain aspects and episodes in imperial England put forward casually and unpremeditatedly, much of it in letters, the rest in dialogues, conversations, and author's narrative, and properly introduced by the foremost practitioner of the English journalistic novel, Mr. H. G. Wells.

Perhaps the chief challenge of the title is to our recognition of the changes which have passed over English life as recorded in fiction in the half-century interval between *Dombey and Son* and *The Gay-Dombey*. One difference has already been noted, the greater emphasis on the background, and its connection with greater issues, political and social. A second difference is the greater uniformity of character, the absence of startling eccentricity in life and grotesque exaggeration in the drawing of it. But the chief difference is undoubtedly in the moral climate of the two books. Both contain the element of illicit love; but while Edith Dombey's flight is heavily weighted with moral significance, the escapade of Paul Dombey III and Lucilla Smith is totally without moral implication, the whole question being one of beating the social game. The Victorians used passion as an opportunity for renunciation, and that Mr. Dombey is excluded from the benefit of this unearned moral increment shows the depth of his reprobation. The post-Victorians (vide Wells, Beresford, George), like the comedians of the Restoration, use it as a test point in the contest between man and his environment. Their theme is not the spiritual reward of sacrifice but the social difficulty of "getting away with it." Sir Harry Johnston is of their school of thought.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

## Feodar Sologub

"I CANNOT give you my autobiography," Sologub wrote the editor of a literary almanac, "as I do not think that my personality can be of sufficient interest to anyone." And so we know nothing of the man Feodar Teternikov beyond the fact of his birth in 1864, his education in Petrograd, and his early vocation as a schoolmaster. But of the writer Feodar Sologub, the egohood of Teternikov, we have the testimony of more than twenty volumes. Of this work he himself states: "I simply and calmly reveal my soul . . . in the hope that the intimate part of me shall become the universal." Which irrelevantly suggests a very placid child seated on the nursery floor and solemnly exhibiting his glowing, variegated, shifting kaleidoscope.

Unfortunately only four books from this extensive self-revelation are available for English readers: *The Little Demon* (translated by John Cournos and Richard Aldington; Knopf, 1916) and *The Created Legend* (translated by John Cournos; Stokes, Co., 1916), which have been termed the *Inferno* and *Paradise* of Russian literature, *The Sweet Scented Name* (edited by Stephen Graham; Putnam, 1916), and *The Old House* (translated by John Cournos; Knopf, 1916). Of these two are novels, two are collections of short stories, all are philosophic in tone and symbolic in method. *The Little Demon* is the depiction of an idea, built up incident by incident like the values of a painting—gray values transepted by a single streak of carmen, the adolescent love of Liudmilla and the student Sasha. It is an idea of evil, resulting from the distortion of life by the light of a corrupt imagination. Peredonov, a schoolmaster, lives with his cousin Varvara Dmitrievna in the little town of Skorodozh. His mistress has promised that if he will marry her, she will use her influence with the princess for whom she formerly worked to have him made an inspector. On this slight peg of the coveted inspectorship hangs all the drab, noisome fabric of the tale. His passion to attain it makes Peredonov suspicious. He is suspicious of Varvara till he smells his coffee to make sure she has not poisoned it; of his friends till he protests his innocence to leading townsmen to circumvent imagined slander; of the princess, whom he insanely suspects of wishing to seduce him, till the thought of "the almost cold little old woman smelling slightly of a corpse" makes him faint with savage voluptuousness and drives him to sending her an obscene note that thwarts all his hopes of promotion; of the cat, which

looks at him wildly and snarls till he tries, by shearing her, to rid himself of the menace in the electricity of her fur; of the playing cards, which seem to whisper and leer at him till he pokes out their eyes; and finally, above all, he is suspicious of the ramlike Volodin, an old friend whom he holds senselessly as an enemy and whom in a frenzy of insanity and drunkenness he eventually kills. From the first adagio, where he smells his coffee, andante through his mistaking the pond for a dirty mirror, or setting fire to the dining room because of a gray imp running up the curtains, to the fanfare of the murder, the incidents blend in a crescendo of madness, the madness resulting from an inherently warped, malevolent point of view. It is the man's own nature which haunts him in the form of the little demon—"a small, gray and nimble nedotikomka" that nods and trembles and circles around him and, when he stretches out his hand to catch it, glides swiftly out of sight, only to reappear a moment later trembling and mocking again.

Vindictive, carnal, insane, "colossal in his pettiness," Peredonov is nevertheless a tragic figure. Because he is acute enough to realize evil in himself and others, he throws his whole life on the fires of his bitterness; then dances like a maniac by the light of the holocaust. Within and without the stuff of his world is hate, and there he stands alone, with only the consciousness of his corruption.

In the midst of the depression of these streets and houses under estranged skies, upon the unclean and impotent earth, walked Peredonov tormented by confused fears. There was no comfort for him in the heights and no consolation upon the earth; because now, as before, he looked upon the world with dead eyes like some demon who, in his dismal loneliness, despaired with fear and with yearning. . . . All that reached his consciousness became transformed into abomination and filth. All objects revealed their imperfections to him and their imperfections gave him pleasure. When he walked past an erect clean column, he had a desire to make it crooked and to bespatter it with filth. . . . There were neither beloved objects for him nor beloved people—and this made it possible for nature to act upon his feelings only one-sidedly, as an irritant.

Yet amid the phantoms illuminated by his own infernal imagination, his perishing soul can still murmur wistfully: "Surely everything doesn't merely seem to me. There must be also truth upon the earth."

The keynote of *The Little Demon* is individualism, that of an extreme egotist cut off from his kind. *The Created Legend*, on the contrary, is essentially social. "I love the people, I love freedom," cries the heroine Elisaveta. "My love is revolt."

In the latter work we see distinctly the advantages and disadvantages of the author's stated formula: "I take a piece of life coarse and poor and make of it a delightful legend." The piece of life here is the story of the poet and chemist Trirodov, who establishes an out-of-door school for children beyond the confines of Skorodozh, in which, as we may remember, dwells also Peredonov. But where we formerly looked at the village through the black glasses of egotism, we now see it through the rose of altruism. Barefooted children and instructresses lightly clad in gay colors, romp through the glades of Trirodov's property, where by chance comes Elisaveta, daughter of a nearby landowner, who loves the poet for his revolutionary and humanitarian views and eventually marries him.

The legend, in the meantime, makes Elisaveta the reincarnation of the lost queen Ortruda from beautiful isles in the Mediterranean and symbolic also of the 1905 revolution. It peoples the master's house with white, silent, spiritual children in antithesis to the pink, rollicking, fleshly boys and girls of his gardens. Throughout its paragraphs magic is rampant: Trirodov changes the former wicked owner into a prism which he keeps on his desk as a paperweight; strange melodies are heard from far away corridors; while on St. John's Eve, putrid ghosts representing the dead institutions of old Russia pace the Navii footpath. These symbols, according to the author, should be treated like music, which is interpreted differently by each individual:

It does not matter that one person understands a story one way and one another. . . . Do not think that I refrain from explaining my work because I do not wish to. Perhaps I simply cannot. I was in such a mood and such a poem was the result.

It may be due, psychologically, to this verbal projection of a mood that the union of fantasy and realism sometimes becomes actually grotesque in Sologub's longer works. A mood is difficult to sustain in an extensive piece of writing and when it lapses, its expression is forced or thin. A tired mood in an author follows the path of least resistance and embodies itself in a trite or inept symbol. Moreover, it is too weak to stimulate a like emotion in the reader, and so his attention is left free to notice the mere technique of the uncertain parallelism. For instance, at the beginning of *The Created Legend*, in the account of the sisters' bathing, Sologub's mood is one of joy and youth. Intense at first, it expresses itself in words whose ease, rhythm, and relevance arouse the same feeling in the reader:

It was a bright hot midday in summer and the heavy glances of the flaming Dragon fell on the river Skorodyn. The water, the light, and the summer beamed and were glad; they beamed because of the sunlight that filled the

immense space, they were glad because of the wind that blew from some far land, because of the many birds, because of the two nude maidens.

But further, toward the end of the episode, the mood wanes and the same figure of the sun, because of its forced and discordant quality, becomes ridiculous:

They made their way silently together out of the pleasant, cool, deep water toward the dry ground, heaven's terrestrial footstool, and out into the air, where they met the hot kisses of the slowly, lumberously rising Dragon. They stood awhile on the bank yielding themselves to the Dragon's kisses, then entered the protected bath house where they had left their clothes.

This same involuntary grotesqueness, rather than a perverted mind, is, I believe, the basis of accusations against Sologub of pornography. For instance, descriptions of passion or beauty are frequently marred by suggestions of the most modern or practical things. Now just why a heroine of serious verse may ride a horse—even astride—but never a bicycle, or why combing her hair is a poetic act on the part of the Loreli, while brushing her teeth is not, are facts for future doctors' theses to analyze, yet their status is undisputed. Similarly, it is unfortunate when Liudmilla in *The Little Demon* shows Sasha the label of Guerlain, Paris, on a bottle of perfume before scenting him with it; or when Trirodov hastens for his kodak to photograph the body of his mistress, or presents Elisaveta, on their bethothal, with a snapshot of his nude former wife. This last may be Slavic, and it may even be symbolic, but at least for any Anglo-Saxon sense of the ridiculous, it is beyond the pale. Inconsistency, too, adds to our impression that Sologub sometimes describes passion for his own sake rather than for the sake of his characters. After saying through one of the latter that a free feeling is always innocent, and reiterating that the love of Liudmilla and Sasha is pure, he nevertheless subjects her to forty or fifty pages of agonized restraint until, with Freudian inevitability, she dreams that she is embraced by a swan.

This occasional awkwardness of style is entirely lacking in his short stories. *The Old House*, for instance, which is the account of a day in the lives of three women—the grandmother, mother, and sister of Boris, who has been hung for anarchy, is like a long, prose song. It is a song of grief, with the cadence of very simple words, the unity of dawn to dark, and the slow rhythm of the sun's arc across the sky:

When the midday sun rested overhead, when the sad moon beckoned, when the rosy dawn blew its cool breezes, when the evening sun blazed its red laughter—these were the four points between which their spirits fluctuated from evening joy to high midday sorrow. Swayed involuntarily, all three of them felt the sympathy and antipathy of the hours, each mood in turn.

The description of this family grief, which is the motive of the story, shows Sologub's agreement with the revolution more fervently than do any of his other works, although even these are never free from suggestions of political unrest and intrigue. For him, the matter resolves itself into a revolt of youth against the established order of tyranny and oppression. Adult radicalism is generally shown as something ugly, because it has in it the alloy of self-interest and scheming. But the rebellion of youth is beautiful because it is magnanimous, impetuous, and exultantly fearless. Not even the waters of all the cold oceans can quench the fire of daring love, and all the cunning poisons of the earth cannot poison it. "I love all bigness, all immoderation in everything! In everything!" Boris cries, and Natasha answers: "Yes, *big things*, things beyond the powers of man. To make life lavish. Only no stinginess, no trembling for one's skin. Far better to die—to gather all life into one little knot and to throw it away!"

The brother's opportunity comes, and true to faith, he stoutly gathers his young, good life into a single terrible second and flings it to destruction. Boris the beloved boy with his fine, honest eyes is hung in the prison courtyard, and thereafter from dawn to dark and from dark to dawn, the tightening of that childish neck and the blackening of that sun-burnt face haunt the impotent minds of those who loved him.

The other translations are less emotionally partisan, and so, as Sologub is intellectually too cynical to be a consistent propagandist, they are only indirectly revolutionary. The ominous cloud of official and Cossack tyranny hovers always in the background and even the prophecy and tenets of Bolshevism are mentioned. Elisaveta dreams of hiding books, ponderous condemned books that are brought to her by students, workmen, young women, school boys, and military men, all of whom whisper persistently, "Hide them, hide them!" till finally there is no hiding place left—and still the books are brought. A dull provincial supper party at the Svetilovitches is raided and the hostess and guests unjustly searched. Peredonov visits fellow townsmen to protest his loyalty. And Cossacks ride abruptly through the park on a summer evening flashing their knouts promiscuously across the shoulders of strollers, for no reason except that their leader is drunk.

In *The Created Legend*, Piotr, looking far ahead with unsuspected clarity, exclaims:

There will be a reign of terror and a shaking up such as Russia has not yet experienced. The point at issue is not that there is talking or doing here or there by certain gentry who imagine that they are making

history. The real issue is in the clash of two classes, two interests, two cultures, two conceptions of the world, two moral systems. Who is it that wishes to seize the crown of lordship? It is the *kham* [serf]. It is he who threatens to devour our culture.

And Elisaveta responds:

I know that we human beings will always be frail, poor, lonely, but a time will surely come when we shall pass through the purifying flame of a great conflagration; then a new earth and a new heaven shall open up to us; through union we shall attain our final freedom.

Brute force is the origin of all ownership, so that the proletariat is justified in reverting to it to turn the tables on the capitalist. As in Bolshevism, the immediate aim of the radicals in *The Created Legend* is public ownership of the machinery of production, including land, which is to be divided into ten or a hundred acre lots for all who wish to farm it. Constitutional Democrats merely desire to construct a pyramid out of people; Social Democrats would scatter this pyramid in an even stratum over the earth. "But what of our culture?" cries Piotr, and Trirqdov answers bitterly: "The value of human life is greater than the value of these monuments!"

If Sologub is not a propagandist, neither is he, like H. G. Wells for instance, a dialectician. He is an artist. His emotions and the beauty of his expression are more important than his ideas. *The Old House*, with the remaining stories of the same volume, and the fairy tales or fables of *The Sweet Scented Name* prove that at best he can verbally paint a mood more exquisitely than any living Russian. His style is simple and very facile, yet his originality always saves it from the triteness of sentimentality. Life for him is intense and he depicts it clearly, with haunting nuances of childish minds, of early spring, of human wistfulness, of vague, disquieting *Weltschmerz*. He has been compared occasionally with other Russian authors who like himself use the form of the short story more frequently and more successfully than another. But it is this indefinable longing in Sologub and this Slavic consciousness of all humanity which to me relates him most closely with Dostoevsky. As in all comparisons of writers, there are some superficial differences of method between them, and there is likewise a fundamental difference in breadth and intensity of character—Dostoevsky being distinctly the bigger man—but there is nevertheless and above all an essential similarity in attitude toward their material—life.

To begin with, both, either through author's comment or in the speeches of principal characters, repudiate this same life. To Sologub, reality is tragic and man's only liberation from it is through his imagination. But even this is uncertain, for life

with her pitiless irony destroys all illusions. In The Kiss of the Unborn the mother who has killed her baby by abortion is forgiven and blessed in a vision of the child for sparing it the sordid agony of living. The white children of Trifrolov's house represent the fantasies of tiny sufferers escaping the squalor of existence by dreams and make-believes. Dostoevsky, in the creed of Ivan Karamazov, rejects human existence even more definitely and emphatically. The latter says to Alyosha:

I accept God and am glad to, and what's more I accept His wisdom, His purpose—which are utterly beyond our ken; I believe in the underlying order and meaning of life; I believe in the eternal harmony in which they say we shall one day be blended. . . . Yet, would you believe it, in the final result I don't accept this world of God's, and, although I know it exists, I don't accept it at all. It's not that I do not accept God, you must understand, it's the world created by him I don't and cannot accept.

Morally too, Sologub and Dostoevsky respond unconditionally and almost in unison to the old question: Am I my brother's keeper? The former says: "The conscience ripened to universal fullness says that every fault is my fault." And thus echoes the terrible cry of his predecessor, "I am responsible to everyone for everything!"

Toward children both authors feel an admiration and love amounting to reverence. Sologub holds that only children really live, for children alone are innocent. One critic has said that when he loves or pities an older person, he endows him with child-like attributes. Many of his children die young to spare them from becoming unlovable. Mitya, recalling his little playmate Rayechka, observes: "Had Rayechka lived to grow up, she might have become a housemaid like Darya, pomaded her hair and squinted her cunning eyes."

In The Brothers Karamazov, Ivan's entire denial of life is due to adult cruelty toward children. What have these to do with the suffering which shall pay for eternal harmony? Here there can be no solidarity of retribution, because children are blameless of sin. Through all eternity, their tears will be unatoned:

Imagine that you are creating a fabric of human destiny with the object of making men happy in the end, giving them peace and rest at last, but that it was essential and inevitable to torture to death only one tiny creature . . . and to found an edifice on its unavenged tears, would you consent to be the architect on those conditions? . . . And can you admit the idea that men for whom you are building it would agree to accept their happiness on the foundation of the unexpiated blood of a little victim? And accepting it, would remain happy forever?

Then answering his own question, Ivan concludes:

Why, the whole world of knowledge is not worth the prayer of one child to dear, kind God. . . . While there is still time, I hasten to protect myself, and so I re-

nounce the higher harmony altogether. . . . I would rather remain with my unavenged suffering and unsatisfied indignation, even if I were wrong."

Both in Sologub's Created Legend and in Dostoevsky's Idiot, Christ is represented as a modern character. In the first, he is Prince Davidov, a celebrated author and preacher with a "tranquil, too tranquil voice"; in the second he is Prince Myshkin, the epileptic hero. And strangely enough, although each writer admits the tremendous magnetism and power of Jesus, both agree in excluding him absolutely from truth. But here their resemblance ceases, for Sologub sides with truth, Dostoevsky with Christ. Trifrolov, Sologub's ideal character, with proud, Satanic irony, we are told, refuses ever to stand with Davidov. He will not accept his comforting theories or listen to his false eloquence which seeks to entice the weak. There is no miracle or resurrection, nor has a single will ever established itself over the inert, amorphous world. "I know the true path—my path!" He cries bitterly, "Leave me alone!" Dostoevsky, on the contrary, writing his brother, exclaims: "If anyone can prove to me that Christ is outside of truth, and if the truth really does exclude Christ, I should prefer to stay with Christ and not with the truth." And in the passion of these very words he confesses that for him, truth does exclude Christ. But truth is merely the laws of nature, while Christ is the great priceless Being, worth the whole earth which nature has aimlessly clutched, crushed, and swallowed up. Truth is the created world which Ivan Karamazov acknowledges but will not accept. The man, Jesus, represents all suffering, deluded humanity.

Finally, categorically both authors are symbolists, but here too, there is an essential difference. Sologub's symbols are numerous hieroglyphs of mood, subject—according to himself—to the general pictorial interpretation of each reader, while Dostoevsky's are rare keys to unlock the very structure itself. For instance in The Possessed, unless we realize from the first that Stavrogin personifies *will*, the book, instead of being a literary masterpiece, appears like the irresponsible ravings of a lunatic. Then too, as we have seen before, Sologub is fundamentally an artist, whereas Dostoevsky is a philosopher. To the latter, material is paramount; to the former, emphasis falls on presentation. Consequently one has vital significance, the other has ethereal charm. For the art of Dostoevsky is as loose, spacious, and massive as life; that of Sologub as vivid, intimate, and frail as a dream.

KATHERINE KEITH.

## The Trial of Political Criminals Here and Abroad

POLITICAL CRIME in the United States, has been, up till very recently, a rare thing. In Europe it has been for a long time a well recognized part of life. With the European it is almost as familiar as other crime. With us it is just beginning to be recognized as a form of crime punished by the statutes. Just so long as thieves, robbers, burglars, and murderers were the objects of arrest and trial, the principles of court procedure and the lot of these men in prison were matters which a Howard might investigate, but which appealed little to the ordinary man. Now that some of the finer spirits in this country are facing trial and imprisonment in our dungeons, now that the man in the street is beginning to be directly affected by the procedure in court and the treatment of the prisoner in prison there is certain to be a creation of interest in both courts and prisons. This article will deal only with court procedure, and will use some recent trials, especially in the City of New York, to illustrate the principles of present day procedure and to point the moral of a transformed procedure which will more nearly do justice to the individual and to the state.

Everywhere on the continent of Europe the procedure in criminal trials is practically the same. In countries where the Anglo-American system prevails we have a striking contrast to the Continental European system. In Continental Europe the jury is judge of the facts and of the law. In the Anglo-American system the jury is judge of the facts, and the judge, of the law. In the first system the jury is tolerant; in ours intolerant. In the Continental system the jury is independent and, in some cases, antagonistic to the wishes of the judge. In ours the jury is submissive and pliant to the judge. In the foreign system the defendant is given the last word. In ours the prosecution has the last say. In the first system the jury gets a complete case—gets all the evidence the prosecution and the defense desire to present. In our system the two parties are limited in the presentation of evidence by rules of proof. In the foreign system, because of the lack of technical rules, there is little waste of time over quirks and quibbles. In our system an infinite amount of time is thrown away by long, tedious, useless discussions of points of law relating to the admission and the exclusion of testimony, or evidence of other sort. By means of this system of rules we keep out a great deal of matter the Continental European believes essential to the liberty of the citizen. A cardinal doctrine there is that the defense is free—a formula which is consecrated by centuries of strug-

gle by the people against arbitrary power. This freedom implies freedom not only for the defendant himself to give evidence as he wishes and in the quantity he desires, but also for the witnesses he may bring forward to prove his case. These witnesses are free, too. They too must be allowed to testify untrammeled by anyone.

This series of contrasts is long and striking. Is justice come to more easily and surely by the Continental European than by the Anglo-American method? Centuries of oppression, a contest long drawn out between the rulers and the subjects, have brought the Continental Europeans to the system which in criminal law makes the jury the judge of both the facts and the law. Rivers of blood ran before the people conquered the right to be tried by a body of their peers, and not by governmental authorities. Even now most judges are not directly elected by the people, but are appointed either by governmental authority which is hereditary or which has been elected by the people. The situation is in this last case like that of our Federal judges who are appointed by the President who has been elected by the people. Even in the case of the judges appointed by an elected governmental authority the Continental European is wary. Not that the jury is infallible, or that it is always on the side of the defendant, and particularly in political cases, on the side of the prisoner. But the probabilities are that the jury, rather than the judge who is the direct representative of the governing power that brings the prosecution will give the defendant a fairer trial.

Because of the reasons that have brought to birth the jury of law and of fact the Continental European jury is also tolerant, and independent of the judge and sometimes antagonistic to him. A hostile attitude of the judge to the defendant will almost certainly in a political case especially cause a revulsion on the part of the jury and result in an acquittal as a demonstration of power. In Anglo-American countries, on the other hand, the jury is meek and dependent upon the judge. Our system of evidence conduces to that result, and history reinforces the teachings and the requirements of law. Wide differences of opinion have produced a tolerance in Europe of which we are not yet the possessors. This tolerance finds a prominent place in the jury box across the water, whereas it is almost unknown in this country, except in rare cases and in the largest cities. Minorities are not yet respected here. They had a vigorous handling during the Revolution, and a worse handling during the late war.

Attorneys present a spectacle less admirable even than jurors. Up to this war no one had dreamed, even in this country, which had had continuously a fairly placid internal history, that lawyers—persons who had defended criminals of the common crime sort and had even defended murderers of presidents, and had been praised for their action—would run away from the defense of political prisoners. But to that we have come. Any lawyer who dares to defend such persons is cut and condemned by members of his profession. A great conspiracy of inaction seems to have been entered into, and the distinguished members of that learned profession decline to stir on behalf of a political prisoner, no matter how flimsy the evidence to support the charge. In Europe the tolerance of the profession and of the people at large gives wide scope to the activities of a lawyer. It is considered most honorable to defend a political prisoner, just as it is even still considered in this country—in theory at least, for distinguished counsel are no longer to be seen in criminal courts—honorable to the law and to the State to defend a man who has violated any other part of the Criminal Code.

On the Continent the defendant's lawyer has the last word. This is another important, indeed indispensable right the prisoner has conquered through ages of struggle. The theory, of course, is, in our system, that he who opens must close. But this is a case where the practical instinct of the Anglo-American has left him and the logical instinct has gripped him with hooks of steel. We are inclined to laugh at the French, for instance, who are analytic and logical and build up systems *a priori*, and we are loud in praise of our own instincts which are practical: we do not build up our systems of thought and action by *a priori* methods but by trial and error, by additions and modifications to the already existing structure.

How does it happen, then, that we have been led astray by symmetry (above all things symmetry) and the French have departed from their archetypal propensities and built practically? But if we wish to retain a fetish, if we wish the prosecution to close, why not give the prosecution first say on summing up; then give the defense a chance to combat the arguments advanced, and then allow the prosecution the last word and an opportunity to combat the defendant's arguments? But Continental Europeans have gone farther, and laid down the fundamental proposition that the prisoner must have the last word. There the prosecution opens the summing up, the defense answers; and then, if the prosecution desires to rejoin, it may. But if it does, the defense has the last word. This is practical and logical.

Now we come to a most significant element in the trial of a case: the rules that govern the admission of matter to be presented to the jury. In our system we have an elaborate, intricate body of rules by which evidence is admitted or excluded. In Continental Europe they have no such system of exclusionary rules. Everything goes in. The witnesses are produced, and they give their testimony, uncontrolled and unshackled. The witness comes to the bar and relates his story in the form of an uninterrupted narration. When he has finished questions may be asked of him, but during his original narration he is free as the air and can keep the floor for almost as long as he wishes. In the Bolo trial, for instance, Caillaux came forward and made his speech. This is a typical example of the method and its implications. Under our system hours and hours and hours would have been consumed in drawing out the testimony by question and answer. In the actual case only about an hour and a half were spent. And the facts that came out were much more numerous than by the other method. In the second Masses trial, John Reed was called to the stand and was anxious to give a detailed account of the origin and development of his hatred of war. There was some argument as to whether any of this was admissible, as being "too remote" from the issue, therefore irrelevant and wasteful of the Court's time. All the while the Court's time was being wasted by the argument as to whether the testimony was relevant or not. When some of the matter was finally admitted and the witness had begun to narrate his experiences there was objection by the District Attorney, and objection again by the Judge himself. A great deal of the evidence the witness wished to give, and which would have been not only relevant but powerful in the determination of the conviction or acquittal, was excluded, and the rest of the testimony the defendant gave created little effect because he was interrupted often and the atmosphere created by the impatience of the judge was detrimental to the legitimate effect of the story upon the jury. Under the European systems this could not be. The judge has no right to stop the mouth of a man who comes to the witness stand, be he defendant or other witness. Again, in the Nearing trial, although the judge was exceedingly liberal under the rules, although he gave the defendant great latitude upon direct examination and greater latitude, as was natural, upon cross-examination, the impression upon the jury, due to the method of question and answer in which the information comes piecemeal, disconnectedly, and in uninteresting fashion to the jury, was not what it would have been if the defendant could have given his testimony in narrative

form and untrammelled by rules of evidence. The contrast between the effect upon the jury of Mr. Nearing's examination on the stand and his direct narration to the jury on summing up is instructive to men desirous of changing our system for the better. But the point is this: parties to an action, and political prisoners particularly, ought not to be subject to the whims, fancies, or mistakes of a judge in the admission or exclusion of evidence. The stakes are too great. It is better to get in too much than too little. And our system lets into a trial too little and that little undramatically, unimpressively, and ineffectively. Political prisoners lose by the exclusion of evidence. "Remote" or "proximate," the evidence ought to be admitted. Who can tell what is proximate and what remote? The judges differ. One judge is more liberal and allows an exposition of theory; another is *sevier* and permits no discussion of the economic or political or social theory of the defendant but limits him closely to the technical issues of law and of fact in the case. For instance, Nearing, under the Continental European system, would have been allowed to give a connected, elaborate explanation of the origin and development of his beliefs. He began to detail his experiences in the Child Labor Committee, and the objection came with the ruling that that was too remote. I do not wish to criticize this ruling of the judge's—it seems ungracious to do so when Judge Mayer was almost as liberal as a judge could be under a hampering system. Other matter was admitted: the platform of the Socialist Party, the War Proclamation, and numerous other things believed to reveal the intent of the author in writing the work. Did he *intend* to cause insubordination, disloyalty or refusal of duty? Did he *intend* to obstruct the recruiting and enlisting service? All facts whether seemingly relevant or irrelevant, remote or proximate, ought to be allowed. Who can tell after the trial whether a thing is remote or proximate? And all the more, who can tell before the end? The remedy is to allow a free hand, to permit a complete exposition. This, as I have found by practical experience in European Courts, actually saves time, and presents a more comprehensive and vivid view of the case to the jury.

The acquittal of Mr. Nearing and the conviction of the American Socialist Society—the corporation which had been indicted with him for the publication of the pamphlet, *The Great Madness*, seems to point to a compromise verdict. The evidence against the Society was much weaker than that against the individual, yet the first was convicted and the second freed.

Nothing can be more shocking to the average lawyer, brought up on the pabulum of the schools,

than the suggestion that anything is wrong with the law or legal procedure. To such blind followers of tradition I recommend a reading of Bentham's *Rationale of Judicial Evidence*. Here are some of his choice phrases, sober, steady and excessively temperate and devoid of agitatory features:

Evidence is the basis of justice; to exclude evidence is to exclude justice.

By example, by reward, by compulsion, by every means possible or imaginable, we shall see (every man does see it who does not shut his eyes against it) this most mischievous of all vices propagated under the shelter of the technical system, propagated by the professed and official guardians of the public morals; and among the instruments of this disastrous husbandry are to be found some of the most efficient of the evidence-excluding rules.

From the above description of the nature of the mischief may be deduced the description of the persons interested in the pushing it up to the highest possible pitch: mala fide suitors on both sides, including malefactors of all sorts, their accomplices and well wishers; men of law, as being the natural allies of malefactors and other mala fide suitors; under the technical system judges and other officials as well as professional lawyers; professional lawyers under any system.

Exclusion (as will be seen) is the grand engine by the help of which corruption has been enabled to gain its ends; and by which arbitrary power with the *jus nocendi* it enforces, has been acquired; that faculty the acquisition of which is so delightful to the human heart whether on the particular occasion in question there be or be not a disposition to employ it.

These are hard words. Bentham did not mince matters. No espionage act prevented robust speech. We today need not go so far as to say that rules of evidence breed corruption or that the partnership of Judge and Co., as he terms the combination of judges and lawyers, "is interested in depraving the moral and intellectual faculties of the people"; or that just as "alchemy [is] the art of cheating men on pretense of making gold, astrology, the art of cheating men on pretense of foretelling future events [so] judicature—under technical rules—[is] the art of cheating men on pretense of administering justice"; or that law is a "fortuitous concord of technical atoms"; or that it employs "devices for promoting the ends of established procedure at the expense of the ends of justice"; or that the habit is pernicious "of eulogizing jurisprudential [that is, judge made] law at the expense of statutory, sham law at the expense of real law"; or that "the technical system of rules of evidence is the mechanical system"; or that England is today the slough it was in Bentham's day, for England in her procedure is far more advanced than we in this country are. But we can follow the great legal surgeon when he says, seeing that the exclusionary system still flourishes in all its luxuriant rankness on this side of the water, that "jails have had their Howard; jurisprudence waits for one."

ROBERT FERRARI.

### *Belated Translations*

ANATOLE FRANCE published his *Contemporary History*—*The Amethyst Ring* was the third in the series of four books—twenty years ago (translated by B. Drillien; Lane). The French read it whilst the Dreyfus Affair was exciting every kind of prejudice. A minority of intellectuals, and all the young men of ideals just coming to knowledge of the actual world, were struggling against strong patriotic generalities and comfortable absolutisms. It would be an outrage to the Army to doubt the legality of a judgment rendered by the Council of War! Seven officers together could not be wrong! The Army was exalted by the Royalists, who were rallying to the Republic only because of the danger to the Army's prestige, and by the masses, eagerly anti-Semitic. The state was seemingly facile and corrupt.

Even M. Bergeret in Paris, the last in the series, was published before the end, while Anatole France was still skeptical of the triumph of justice. He might well wish to encourage toughmindedness about the human species under a republic. He was not concerned to sow seeds of that faith in the common man which is now being called on to move mountains. He could appeal to the love of the Few for clarity and all the relativity of life. Aroused, the Few might be strong enough to enforce the criticism of self, and the revision of the Dreyfus condemnation. He struck at hypocrisy on every side.

His attack is energetic and beguilingly skilful, and his enjoyment of it is pervasive and contagious. Indeed, in the world he creates, the only probable pleasure he recognizes is the free and witty use of the critical intelligence. M. Bergeret, lecturer in classics on a provincial faculty, is made thoroughly to enjoy the ruthless activity of his own mind. His pleasure is really the only pleasure in the book. The rest of the world is almost joyless, except when now and then someone has a brief sense of power or success. Madame Worms-Clavelin had been a Paris street arab, and now she lived in good society, belonged to the ruling classes, and in all her intrigues had really had to do only with men of the world. So she can now sometimes feel mystical, and grateful to the Virgin, in a way she never could when still a Jewess. Young Bommont has moments of agreeable confidence in the power of his money. But most of the time he protects himself from other men by an air of being tranquilly and steadily disagreeable. His sentimental mother indulges herself with every possible romance, but is never able to love her lovers trust-

fully and peacefully, according to her nature. The Abbé Guitrel wins the bishopric, but his opportunist way with life is not made out pleasurable to him. M. Bergeret's constant satisfaction in his own unfettered intelligence is all that is joyful.

How he delights in humanizing his learning! His speculations about the nature of Hercules make the legendary strongman an enigmatical present fact, affecting our everyday consciousness. Anatole France has always found it particular fun to fill the world with such realized figures from the past that they lose their historic distance and have some immediate significance that is disquieting.

And this absorbing activity of M. Bergeret's mind allows him to keep the good temper of an Olympian. He never too vividly realizes little annoyances. He never gets acrimonious. He is generous to all the smaller satisfactions. He can be really conscious that arranging his library, and driving nails into the walls, is a sensuous enjoyment, a way to feel like a voluptuary. It is delightful to him to make a close relation between his philosophy and his devoted little dog, Riquet. He can discuss amiably immortality, or the weakness of truth.

The Dreyfus Affair even cannot involve M. Bergeret in the general ill-temper. He had come out against the condemnation, and had been hooted in the streets. He had attacked the secrecy of the trial, maintaining that France could not plead reasons of state. She had administrations, but no such entity as the state. The Army was as much an administration as the departments of agriculture and finance. Military justice was as gothic and barbarous as had been the justice of the feudal lords. And liberty of thought had never any more supporters than a minority of the intellectuals. Popular enthusiasm could never be counted on. The Dreyfus Affair had called for a hard kind of reasoning that only thinkers in good practice would be capable of. M. Bergeret is skeptical, but not ill-tempered—and he risks his livelihood by being openly a revisionist.

While the other administrations in France may well have seemed fallible to M. Bergeret, that could not have been his judgment of the Ministry of Education, which first promotes him on his provincial faculty, and then makes him professor at the Sorbonne. It must have been consistently loyal to the claims of the mind. And M. Bergeret, not unaware of being philosophically subjective, changes his opinion that life is nothing but a mold, consuming our decaying planet alone, into a belief that all the planets may provide light and heat for life and

thought. Even on this earth, life sometimes takes an agreeable form, and thought may perhaps be called divine. When he is to go to Paris, he amusingly discovers too that he is not a detached intelligence, but that, in the provincial city where he has lived fifteen years and been betrayed by his wife, he is tied to "things" by invisible bonds, and that he loves the very earth of his fatherland. M. Bergeret's irony and good humor are immensely helped by being subsidized.

The question, after all, however, remains: how far is M. Bergeret's pleasure "put over" in this translation? What will be the American reader's chief memory of the book, now that the world feels congested? Whilst the French read it, they were constantly excited by its manner, amused and quickened by every turn of phrase. Cinderella was given a ball dress before the ball. In her rags, she might have stirred up a good deal of latent socialism. Perhaps she might not have engaged the prince! M. Bergeret's pleasures of the mind come to England and America in a rather dreary workhouse uniform. Did their fairy godmother really want them to have a good time?

Presented without fine clothes, the way a bishop is made in France, is disagreeable. A Minister of Public Instruction and Public Worship is cajoled by pretty women, who have been told by their lovers to push a priest useful to them quite outside the

Church. The Abbé Guitrel has declared himself friendly to the Government, inclined to be helpful in its difficulties about the Separation of Goods. Once appointed, he declares himself in opposition, and quotes the same pastoral letter of Pope Leo XIII to support both declarations. His rival for the bishopric has been an honest intransigent, enthusiastic for the ancient faith, who has not been able to play the Minister, and the Nuncio, and the Jews. He has jerked on the bare hook of truth.

In their dreary grey, too, the Brécés make one lenient to radicalisms that would be abhorrent to Anatole France. They are of the old nobility, who have rallied to the republic as Nationalists. They are all for the Army and the Church. They are full of ritualisms and superstitions—and passionately anti-Semitic. Yet gifts to the Church buy for the Bonmonts, Jews whose name was Gutenberg, a sort of inclusion in the Brécé circle. The Brécés are dangerously stupid and helpless. Where can the general reader find faith in the ruling classes? Or is it true that he still likes to be hardheaded?

M. Bergeret was never popular with his fellow citizens in the provincial city. They found him only disquieting. And yet they had the stimulus of his witty French. He speaks boring, rather stilted, English.

EDITH BORIE.

## *The Ways of Genius*

IT IS COMMON among amiable critics of the inconclusive to say with a flourish that So-and-so "lived" his book; or his opera, or what not. As if there were any distinction in that! Some nine hundred ninety-nine of every thousand human beings do that. The thousandth, the genius or near-genius, tormented by a malady he comes slowly if ever to understand, must write or compose or paint his life; and we, recognizing his distinction, say lamely that he has "talent," or "temperament," or "genius." Whereas it has been held, and not without evidence, that what he really has is a disease—certainly a plague. It is his lot to be challenged, perplexed, defeated by life until he can turn it into something (as the philosophers say) not-life, but often so like life, and yet so curiously more than life, that we gape over his shoulder, marveling that in a brief while, with only a pen or some pigments, he should thus easily win through to what we have struggled toward in long sweat and blood.

Probably mankind has always recognized and accorded distinction to this creative faculty. But has it

ever been understood? Like madness, to which it is perhaps akin, it has been regarded as a badge of the favor of the gods, a vessel for divine revelation, or a private factory of truth. Then, in more sophisticated times, it has been treated as a social accomplishment, a supererogatory elegance: certain men, having taken life like the rest of us, afterward see fit to gossip about it in whatever art comes handiest to them. But that neither the inspirational nor the representative theory is adequate to explain genius may be inferred from the persistent curiosity with which the ordinary man regards the artist. The farmer who halts plowing to quiz the painter in his field is the symbol for us all. We have never, to borrow Clerk Maxwell's idiom, got the "particular go" of the artistic temperament. To be sure, we have had plenty of books which studied the periphery of the artist's interests; but have we had any that succeeded in plucking out the heart of his mystery? The artists themselves report only the symptoms of their disease.

"Romer Wilson"—one has heard that this is a

pseudonym adopted by an Englishwoman and gathers that she is young—has thrown illumination on the matter with her first novel, *Martin Schüler* (Holt), which the publishers advertise, with an unwonted restraint that compels quotation, as "one of those successful novels about genius that comes very close to being itself a work of genius." It is unnecessary to decide whether the book is the latter in order to recognize that it is much more than the former; that it is, indeed, pretty much the first successful novel about genius as a creative force.

*Martin Schüler* is a composer whose own notions about his processes are never clear. He begins life with ambitious plans for a grand opera based on a fairy tale about beautiful maidens spellbound as peahens, but wins his earliest successes with sentimental songs and waltzes. From Heidelberg, where he has produced a promising operetta, he is carried off to Leipsic by an extraordinary young patron, Steinbach, to whom he cries: "Oh, my mind, my mind! It bursts sometimes for the experience it has not got." Already he has begun the acquisition of experience, which at first he seeks with calculating directness. He has seduced and deserted a young girl. He has studied in Paris, and wooed inspiration with love, alcohol, opium. From beneath the corpse of his friend Werner (in whom the author has sympathetically portrayed frustrate genius) he has stolen the libretto for *The Peahens*, but is so wrung with superstitious terror that he has hidden the manuscript away. As for the musical materials for *The Peahens*,

the beyond, the heavens, the desert were in his mind. He was not yet able to see them; but every mouth, every emotion, every piece of knowledge, every attempt, he came nearer to them. Some day he would be able to visualize them, some day to realize them. Realization for him meant to be able to turn into sound.

No experience is real to him until it has become music, echoing in his memory. Of the raw materials for such experience—loves, quarrels, exaltations, and despairs; all the meanness, cruelty, and ecstasy of which undisciplined genius is capable—from now on he has enough. He steals Steinbach's fiancee, Hella, and then wants to kill Steinbach. With Hella he runs away to the Alps for an idyllic interlude of love, thinking he has done with music, both the high art of his dreams and the lower thing of his practice, though he has no idea what else he will do beyond marrying Hella. Steinbach concocts a musical comedy from sketches Martin has abandoned, and Martin precipitately drags Hella back to Leipsic to produce it. His next piece is a great success in Berlin, where shortly he becomes very much the man of fashion—and (Hella dismissed unmarried) the lover of the most beautiful matron in the capital. Then,

at the apex of his vogue as a light composer, Martin hears his too popular song of the moment ground out by a hurdy-gurdy, on the instant explosively sickens of his long treason to his vocation, makes a murderous attack on his secretary as the embodiment of everything that has debauched his musical integrity, and goes to his villa in the Schwarzwald to escape his intolerable defeat. This is the mere outline of the emotional material that became, as fast as he could hear it inside him, *Martin Schüler* the composer. Now in the Schwarzwald,

he sat and looked across his large writing-table out of the window in a dream. It was the first time he had ever experienced a clear vision of the past, or had sought to remember anything out of it. Up to now the present and future had been sufficient for him. He had never yet drawn upon his resources: he had taken everything out of the air, out of his friends, out of the incidents of his life as they occurred. In a short time he began to read the manuscript of *The Peahens*.

There, and afterwards in Munich—when, ironically, he has received a Nobel prize for his former, too popular music, "because the world thought his day was over," and the Kaiser has made him a count he works on nothing but *The Peahens*:

He wrote entirely from the memory of his dreams, and from the copy of those visionless thoughts that in past years had with pain and labor expressed themselves under his hand.

On the night *The Peahens* is triumphantly produced at the Berlin Opera House, he dies in his box.

That is perhaps an unnecessary conclusion. But it does emphasize the fact that the real life of this genius was his music, and was complete when his music was completed. Nothing that happened to him in the crowded years of maturing emotion became life till he had got it into sound, and as sound it was remembered. "I can never recall to you," he says to Hella, "except in music, the charm of those past days." In the beginning *The Peahens* was a vague dream which he could not put into words; and that, if you like, was "inspiration." Gradually, by subjecting himself to everything which could make him feel and by learning to "hear" his feelings, he acquired the power to put that dream into music; and this, if you care to call it so, was "representation." But he was never vehicle to an external "message," never the ordinary man living richly and "translating" his life into an art. His masterpiece was a fabric of his emotions "recollected in tranquility"; but his recollected emotions were sounds, as those of the true painter are lines and colors, and those of the true writer are speaking phrases.

By the perception of this fact Miss Wilson has distinguished her fine novel among fictional discussions of genius.

CLARENCE BRITTON.

# THE DIAL

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT, *Editor*

CLARENCE BRITTEN

*In Charge of the Reconstruction Program:*

JOHN DEWEY

THORSTEIN VEBLEN

HELEN MAROT

THE CHANGES IN THE IDEALS AND PRACTICES OF literature, which lead critics to question whether it is longer to be entitled a fine art, are of the nature of democracy. No longer do writers form a caste apart, an institution devoted to competition in the production of masterpieces, seeking like Milton "to leave something so written to aftertimes as they should not willingly let it die." On the contrary in these days of popular education everyone writes, or threatens to do so, and measures his success not in length of time but in extent of space—not by fit audience though few extending in a thin line down the centuries, but by the unfit and vast assembly of readers scattered over the whole world, who for a month or a year may be held by the potent charm of a best-seller. Everyone reads, and supplying reading matter to an immense and voracious public has become a business like supplying it with clothes and food. This public is uneducated in the art of expression. It is primarily interested in subject matter. And writers, subdued to public taste, are no longer devoted to form, seeking subjects that will serve as material for epic, tragedy, or sonnet sequence. On the contrary they spend their gifts on finding what material will take the public, and adopting a form which will serve most directly and powerfully to convey this material to its destination. Now, the chief uses which a democracy has for literature are two—education and entertainment. In both respects, it must be admitted, the demands of the public are in an elementary stage. What is wanted in education is a rough general knowledge of the world in which we live and some data to direct our course efficiently in it. For entertainment the mass of men are dependent on appeals to the senses, but there is one form of intellectual enjoyment which is wide-spread, the satisfaction of curiosity, the emotion which is stirred by novelty. The questions which the multitude of readers ask in regard to any writing are: Is it true? Is it important? Is it interesting? Our demands for truth to life and for guidance in the efficient conduct of it find satisfaction in that mass of material drawn from the lives of human beings which we call realism; and our demand for interest is best served by that touch of novelty and timeliness which is of the nature of journalism. A term, then, which covers a large part of present-day writing is journalistic realism.

The extent to which this term has become appli-

cable in those departments of literature of which formal technique has been most characteristic is obvious in modern drama and poetry. The so-called renaissance of the drama is due to the discovery by Ibsen and his successors that the stage is not limited by technique to a certain prescribed subject-matter, but may deal effectively with the immediate realities of modern existence. The renaissance of poetry is due to the same discovery. But it is in the novel that the triumph of journalistic realism over technical considerations is most pronounced. The novel form, owing to its hybrid origin and bourgeois history, has never suffered from the obsession of sacrosanctity. Fortunately, perhaps, no one has ever known exactly what a novel is. Certain technical principles of plot, character drawing, and background development have been held to constitute a technique of the novel, to which the characteristic modern altitude is that of Mr. Wells, proclaiming Laurence Stern the greatest of English novelists because he is farthest removed from such technique. Even before the war such books as *Number 5 John Street*, *Children of the Dead End*, and *Ragged Trousered Philanthropists* were recognized as among the most powerful examples of prose narrative, because by their disregard of novelistic conventions they approach infinitely closer to life and lay emphasis with infinitely more exactness upon its overwhelming and tragic facts. The war has given great impetus to such writing, to such journalistic novels as *Mr. Britling Sees It Through* and *Blind Alley*, which have merely a thin convention of fiction. And the actual experience of war has given birth to narratives of a reality so stark and terrible that the reenforcement of fiction would be an impertinence. The extension of such experience among men, instead of its limitation to a professional soldiery, finds evidence in the difference between *Le Feu* and *La Débâcle*. To the universalizing of such experience the democratic art of journalistic realism is a witness. We are reminded once more that literature is a fine art, and that as in all education, so in the artistic, as in all entertainment, so in the esthetic, is literature best fitted to serve modern men. Only the artistic can no longer render this service by devotion to an aristocratic formula of his ancestors, of his social equals, or of his own. Indeed, it may be questioned whether the greatest literature was not always the unsought result of an unfathomable combination of the Maker's soul with that of his fellow-

men—only whereas in the past it was only the souls of the few who counted, today it is the soul of democracy. At least this is certain: the true esthetic cannot be imposed from without by individual genius or eccentricity, nor can it be recovered from the past by study. It is more than ever before the immediate result of human need, human aspiration, human agony. It cannot be complete unless it take account of the experience of the entire race, in which for the first time in the world's story the soul of man is tragically one.

**I**F ADDITIONAL EVIDENCE BE NEEDED TO CONVINCE the peoples of the world of the vicious constitution of the Great Powers at Versailles the latest reports on the Russian situation serve that purpose admirably. On May 26 the Big Four made overtures to Kolchak, the terrorist dictator of Siberia. They laid down certain conditions upon which they would accord his government recognition. On June 11 Kolchak's answer was cabled from Paris. It was a refusal, according to the New York Sun, of practically all the conditions established by the peace conference. Did that demolish the plan of reactionary intervention? By no means. The Allied and Associated Powers knew better than Kolchak what they meant by their conditions for recognition. They gracefully sent a reply welcoming his "substantial agreement" and "satisfactory assurances" and renewing their promise of support as set forth in their original letter. In other words, to quote the original letter, "they are disposed to assist the government of Admiral Kolchak and his associates with munitions, supplies, and food to establish themselves as the government of All Russia." This offer is based upon "a cardinal axiom of the Allied and Associated Powers to avoid interference in the internal affairs of Russia." Through this clotted mass of contradictory statement the purposes of the Big Four seem nevertheless evident. They intend to disregard the weakness of Kolchak's army, as indicated in the current reports in the daily press. They purpose to overlook the direct testimony of the New York Globe and the Chicago Daily News, published on the authority of their Moscow correspondent, as to the soundness of law and order in Soviet Russia, the willingness of the Soviet government to make peace, and the steady increase of the Russian Republic's strength as a result of the Allies' obdurate refusal to enter into friendly negotiations. The Powers appear likewise willing to treat as negligible the reactionary monarchist character of the Kolchak group, as established again and again by neutral observers, and described as recently as June 15 in the conservative and circumspect New York Times. In the interest of vested privilege the Big Four will set out to overthrow the now soundly established Soviet Republic, and will stake their integrity on a government feeble in military forces, destitute of moral authority, and completely lacking in the elements of a democratic

political state. If the Big Four are indeed ready to put this Prussian policy into effect they will have drawn a clean line of demarcation between the peoples of the world and their governments. In the face of such a coalition of reactionary powers there can be no paltering: the recognition of Kolchak is a direct and final challenge to all liberal-minded men. The liberals of all nations must either unite to take up the challenge or condemn themselves to impotent disintegration. On the decision of liberalism in this crisis the very existence of free institutions rests. If it cannot fight its enemies it will never have the privilege of living with them. The tolerance of liberalism can be secured only by establishing its strength.

**T**HE THIRTY-NINTH ANNUAL CONVENTION OF the American Federation lived its short life beneath a cloud of officialism shot through with gleams of rough reality. From a fighting past the Federation has inherited a military organization that falls naturally into line and staff. And like the staff of an army at peace, A. F. L. officialdom polishes its buttons, perfects its salutes, and trots the household troops out occasionally for a sham battle—leads a convention off to Washington to fight for beer, the impending loss of which beverage causes President Gompers to fear for the first time for the future of the country. Mr. Gompers has somehow succeeded in classifying prohibition as Bolshevik, and in the higher circles of the A. F. L., as in the Senate, that word sends rattling down to death whatever thing it touches. Nevertheless there are memories of the pre-respectable period of the A. F. L. that will not down—memories of open warfare once and again in Colorado; memories of a day when the Washington headquarters of the Federation could say, referring not unsympathetically to the McNamara case: "It is an awful commentary upon existing conditions when one man, among all the millions of workers, can bring himself to the frame of mind that the only means to secure justice for labor is violence, outrage and murder." Even today come rumors that the official recognition which has proved so soothing to labor's representatives at Washington and Paris has not yet been granted everywhere; in McKeesport and Homestead and other towns of Western Pennsylvania, A. F. L. organizers must hold their meetings out of doors or not at all—they are Bolshevik; in Columbus, Georgia, A. F. L. strikers are shot down—they are Bolshevik. In "the line of the army" the A. F. L. still has its fighters who see the cause of the oppressed as one cause and do not meet rebellion with the ready damnation of a word. Just as long as these fighters drag the old staff with them, the A. F. L. will, like any other army, go forward backward.

**I**T IS OBVIOUS THAT THE ANTI-RADICAL BILL INTRODUCED by Senator King plays directly into the hands of the reactionary kind of revolutionist. This mea-

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sure is a forceful example of the sort of government the nation may expect when the National Security League consolidates with the American Protective League and establishes (under a wooden Kolchak) a dictatorship of the propertariat. But as a potential law for a constitutional republic the King bill is baldly ridiculous. In the very first section of this "act to protect the government of the United States" it writes a conspiracy clause for the first time into Federal law, annuls the first amendment of the constitution, proclaims the perfection of the form of government it aims to destroy, and establishes the crime of *lèse majesté* on a basis broad enough to hedge the entire executive establishment, from Burleson upwards, with that immunity from assault and criticism which becomes a sovereign by divine right. The height of stultification, however, is attained in the fourth section. It reads:

Sec. 4. Any person, firm, or corporation who shall wilfully make or convey false reports or false statements or shall say or do anything except by way of bona fide advice to an investor or investors, with intent to obstruct the sale by the United States of bonds or other securities of the United States, or the making of loans to or by the United States . . . shall be punished by a fine of not more than \$5,000 and imprisonment not to exceed three years. . . ."

This is the work of either a satirist or a born fool. It would be difficult to believe that it could be anything but a deliberate attempt to prove the propertariat bias of the bill, were it not for the fact that an official of the National City Bank could have been sentenced to prison under its provisions the other day for saying in public—not merely to bona fide investors—that further loans to foreign governments were unjustifiably risky. These objections are but pinpricks in a document that gapes with constitutional holes. From first to last the King bill lives up to its name: for all the recognition it accords the Constitution it might have been drafted by Lord North on behalf of King George III for the express purpose of frustrating the American revolution. Its whole intention and method run contrary to the Bill of Rights. To this extent the measure carries with it an antidote for its own poisons. Should popular opinion be supine enough to permit enactment, it is obvious that the first criminals to be arrested under the act (senatorial immunity aside) would be the very persons who sponsored and promulgated it. Did Senator King see how wilfully his law had "defied and disregarded" the Constitution when he so rigorously provided for his own punishment? Were the law honestly carried out Senator King would be taught how dangerous it is to protect an institution by the subversive experiment of doing away with it. But if the Constitution is still a serviceable instrument, that sacred document will at all events protect Senator King from the results of his own follies. Let us trust that the measure will not progress so far. If the American people are fully alive to the dangers of counter revolutionary sys-

tema, fomented by private security leagues and espionage organizations, they will drive the bill out of the Senate before it has a chance to be laughed out of court. It needs only a concerted protest to remind Congress that the American state is still enough of a republic to be opposed fiercely to the protection of the United States Government through the instrumentality of a King.

THE SELECTION OF CURRENT FICTION WHICH THE DIAL proffers on page 670 of this issue has value in that it is a composite photograph of the opinions of a considerable number of habitually critical readers, a rough index to the verdicts of many scattered and diversified reviewers. As such, it shows the lay of the field. And the query raised by the present list is a familiar one: Why does America produce so little serious fiction of good quality? On this list the English titles outnumber the American nearly three to one, although the English are all imported. Moreover, the American books are, with only an exception or two, devoted to adventure, mystery, or humor; so that, in this season at least, we have one established name—that of Mr. Hergesheimer—to oppose to the roll of Conrad, Wells, Bennett, Galsworthy, Swinnerton, Delafield, Walpole, Beresford, George, and McKenna. Last season's shorter list showed about the same ratio, and had only Mr. Fuller to add. The Christmas list was more evenly divided, but since some of the American publications were posthumous, offered no more than Mr. Cable, Miss Cather, and Mr. Webster. The very sharp contrast in the current list ought doubtless to be corrected by certain qualifications: English novelists appear to publish more frequently than do serious American novelists; lately there has been a marked increase in the importation of English novels (which of itself connotes a shortage in the domestic supply); probably more American than English novelists have been temporarily deflected into journalism by the war; and so on. Such considerations soften the picture a little: they scarcely alter the fact. In the production of best-selling romances, of magazine stories, and of moving-picture scenarios we have no real competition; but in the production of narrative that represents life as it is lived we fall shockingly behind the English, both as regards quality and as regards quantity. That it is the fault of our scene or the fault of our public are familiar explanations, probably true enough in their degree. But the scene grows steadily richer and the public's demand for good fiction constantly increases, as witness the number of importations and translations in this season's list—and yet the production shows little promise of catching up. It is hard to avoid the conclusion that the supply of good American fiction lingers behind the demand for it chiefly because the pens that ought to be engaged in its production are too well paid for maintaining our supremacy in the best-seller, the story, and the movie.

## Communications

### THE QUESTION OF NATIONALISM.

SIR: I have before me a pamphlet dealing with the first Canadian Jewish Congress, recently held in Montreal, written by a well-known Zionist, himself a delegate to the Congress and an active member of its various committees. It is supposed to be an "analytic review" of the aims and objects of Canadian Jewry, as crystallized at the Montreal Congress. In the flood of articles dealing with the subject, full of eulogies and unwarranted praise, this particular pamphlet has drawn my especial attention, because it makes at least an attempt to deal honestly and critically with the problem. The question of nationalization involved in a discussion of this nature will, to my mind, prove of interest to the readers of your magazine.

Now, then, the author of the Review admits from the outset that the Congress has failed in its attempts to form "a general Jewish assembly, where all the different factions, classes, and interests of Canadian Jewry shall concentrate and unite into one solid front to stand for and protect their *common* interests." He does not, however, see the causes which are responsible for the failure. He fails to understand that the "solidarity and unity" of a nation, under the present system of society, is rather a myth. He also fails to know that the so-called democratic parliaments (even in England, the cradle of modern parliamentarism) do not truthfully and honestly represent the interests of the nation as a whole, simply because under capitalistic conditions there is no such thing as a "nation as a whole." The epidemic of revolutionary strikes in Great Britain following upon the heels of the last general election proves conclusively two things: First, the total bankruptcy of modern parliamentarism and, second, the big chasm in the one and the same nation—the antagonistic *class* interests within the same nation predominating over the artificial *national* interests.

This naturally leads us to another question which has escaped the attention of this "critical reviewer"—namely, the question of the necessity or even the desirability of preserving these elements which, to be sure, have played a certain role in the past, but which have long lost their usefulness, nay, which have become detrimental to human progress.

The old fundamentals of social life, which are largely responsible for social injustice and inequality; which have brought about the antagonism between man and man; which provoked and finally produced the world war, the greatest catastrophe in human history—those fundamentals, those forces are, happily, on the decline. New forces are looming up on the horizon, forces more of a social than of a national character. But among those forces which are doomed to disappear in the New Society, Nationalism, especially religious Nationalism—as is the case among the Jews—is the most reactionary and most detrimental to progress.

People usually distinguish between Nationalism and Chauvinism. It is claimed that Nationalism is an element of defense, while Chauvinism is aggressive. This is quite an erroneous conception. The difference between the former and the latter is only a matter of degree. Nationalism arriving at a certain stage of its development must necessarily be transformed into Chauvinism. Nationalism is consequently the origin of Chauvinism.

Nationalism principally aims to attach itself to the past, the past with all its dead weight, which only hinders the forward march.

But to return to our "Reviewer," who, notwithstanding his critical analysis, has great faith in the Congress and its ability to solve the Jewish problem. I marvel at his optimism and, if you wish, self-deceit. It has been said that "life is but a succession of unsuccessful attempts." That is particularly true with regard to Jewish life. Our reviewer is not discouraged. If the first attempt fail, then he will try again. He does not understand that the causes which contributed to the failure of the first Congress are inherent in the Jewish character and Jewish life. He is proud of the old orthodox Jew, "who stood at the height of his mission and instinctively preserved the principles and interests of Judaism." Quite so! But the old orthodox Jew is rather a poor foundation upon which to construct a modern state built upon socialistic principles, as many so-called national-socialists dream of in their ignorance.

Winnipeg, Manitoba.

J. RICHMOND.

### Contributors

Robert Ferrari, a graduate of Columbia University and its Law School, is a New York attorney who has taught criminology in various universities, has written extensively on legal, political, and sociological subjects, and is editor of the *Journal of Criminal Law and Criminology*.

Katherine Keith (Mrs. David Adler) is the author of *The Girl* (Holt, 1917), reviewed in THE DIAL for January 25, 1917. Her residence is in Libertyville, Illinois.

Edith Borie, a graduate of Bryn Mawr, has contributed book reviews to various periodicals.

Elizabeth J. Coatsworth was graduated from Vassar in 1915, received the M.A. from Columbia the following year, and traveled in the Orient during 1917. She has recently begun contributing verse to the magazines.

The other contributors to this issue have previously written for THE DIAL.

The Index to Volume LXVI of THE DIAL, which is concluded with this number, will be ready in a few days. It will be printed separately and a copy will be mailed free on request to any subscriber who sends his name and address to THE DIAL, 152 West 13th Street, New York City.

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## Casual Comment

The light fiction which serves as traditional pabulum for summer America has already been published, and once more the question arises as to just why people read it. Take for example six of the more recent novels. All of them will be moderately successful; the worst will sell its two or three thousand copies, and the most successful of them will probably pass the fifty thousand mark. About them, all together, there is not enough delineation of character, not enough revelation of eternal truths, not enough form in the stricter sense to supply the matter for a good short story. The fact remains however that they are read, and that, on a hot afternoon, even the hyper-educated find them more interesting than Dostoevski. Such being the case, it is perhaps more reasonable to search for the secret of their popularity than to berate them for lacking of qualities to which they do not aspire.

It is in Mary Roberts Rinehart's latest volume (*Love Stories*; 352 pages; Doran) that this secret appears. Of the seven tales in the book, six are occupied with the business of getting young people mated; the seventh is the happy aftermath of a properly pathetic love affair. There is nothing new in the matter of any of them, unless it is the circumstance that five are laid in hospitals; Mrs. Rinehart's method of handling plots is sanctioned by the usage of generations. Yet we eat the stories up; we are interested in the very primitive business of marrying Joseph to Josephine and Joan to John.

Mrs. Rinehart writes with immense cleverness but without gusto. She impresses one as being able, if she wished, to produce literature of permanent value, but she is tired; she patronizes her public just a little and her characters bore her. A master of light fiction, she probably realizes the shortcomings of her medium as much as do any of her readers.

For the romance with which Mrs. Rinehart invests the modern hospital—a romance gained by making ward nurses tender and young, and by metamorphosing internes to spectacled cupids—H. C. Bailey must turn to the eighteenth century, and sanctify professional gamblers. In *The Gamesters* (332 pages; Dutton) he is concerned with wonderful twins, Eve and Adam de Res, who can impersonate each other at will, and who wander all over Germany outwitting Frederic the Great. Mr. Bailey goes at breakneck speed, piling incident on incident, but he writes without color and asks miracles of his hero and heroine.

Another book of the same sort is *A Gallant Lady* (442 pages; Duffield). During the age when no novel was a success unless it purported to be the memoirs of the Vicomte du Pont, sometime Master of Horse to His Majesty King Felipe XVIII of Styria, Percy James Brebner could always be relied on to crowd more highwaymen, ladies in distress, and disguised heirs-apparent into eighty thousand words than could any of his contemporaries. The styles have changed, and in these

days the denouement is more likely to come as the result of an enemy machine gun than after pistols and coffee for two. Mr. Brebner however remains constant to his former ideals.

When Richmond Haigh, in *An Ethiopian Saga* (207 pages; Holt), turned to African folklore for his material, one hoped for something new. But in the breasts of Kundu and Koloani, his rival Zulu chieftains, and under the black skins of Jamba the young warrior and the maiden Mamelubi beat the same hearts that fired the veins of Mrs. Rinehart's nurses and animated the dukes and adventurers of Mr. Brebner. The chief difference is one of style; Mr. Haigh has adopted a pseudo-Biblical diction and heads every paragraph with a proverb translated from the original Kaffir or Swahili.

It remained for Albert Payson Terhune to take the last step and transfer the romantic emotions of modern society to canine breasts. In *Lad: A Dog* (349 pages; Dutton) his heroine is proud, self-willed, capricious, his hero faithful and steady. Their reactions are those of the human being rather than of the animal. However, Mr. Terhune assures us in a postscript that *Lad* was a real dog, and that most of the incidents actually happened.

Romance has been called the sugar coating of sex. If one makes this coating saccharine instead of sugar, it can be much thinner and still leave the same taste in the mouth. Such at least is the theory on which Elinor Glyn seems to write. For her latest novel (*Family*; 315 pages; Appleton) she has chosen a pot reminiscent of Boccaccio, but she is quite humorless and more than a little nasty.

With art as the term is commonly understood, these novels have little connection. There is no life in them; they do not aim to portray life. Their end is simply to appeal to the romantic side of us; to make their marionette lovers dance for our amusement. And who will say that they do not achieve their purpose.

Two books of melancholy interest are *The Whole Truth About Alcohol*, by George Elliott Flint (Macmillan), and *Beverages and Their Adulteration*, by Harvey W. Wiley (Blakiston; Philadelphia). The former, though opposing prohibition, lacks the complete bartender's guide which the temperate Mr. Wiley eruditely incorporates into his book; but it does stimulate the sad hope that there remain a few ancient spirits not outraged by the attitude of Horatius Flaccus: "Nulla placere diu, neo vivere carmina possunt quae scribuntur aquae potoribus."

From Philadelphia comes the announcement that George J. C. Grasberger is about to publish Gabriel Sarrazin's essay on Walt Whitman, as translated by Harrison S. Morris. The manuscript has been stored away somewhere ever since Whitman penned his own notes on the margins of the original sheets. Only one hundred copies of the new volume will be printed—very attractively printed, if the preliminary broadside sets the standard—and the proceeds of the enterprise will be used to purchase as a memorial the Whitman house in Camden.

## Notes on New Books

**THE SECRET CITY.** By Hugh Walpole. 386 pages. Doran.

"There is a secret city in every man's heart," and it is the secret cities in the hearts of several Russians and Englishmen, living out their private tragedy in revolutionary Petrograd, that Mr. Walpole explores. Durward, the Englishman who interpreted the drama staged in the "dark forest" at the Front, where Semyonov and Trenchard fought for the love of Maria Ivanovna, is, in this sequel, the absorbed spectator of another drama. The dominating figure is still Semyonov, the coldly diabolical sensualist and cynic, who strangely grows to resemble the Heathcliff of *Wuthering Heights*, in love with a ghost, passionately yearning to burst the barriers of the flesh and be united with the spirit of the dead woman. Unwilling to adopt the simple method of suicide—which Russian fiction has made almost pleasantly familiar—Semyonov aims to accomplish his liberation from the flesh by an elaborate plot involving the ingenious torture of poor Markovich and the wrecked happiness of Vera and her lover Lawrence, an English Sir Galahad—all to the end of forcing the tortured man to murder his tormentor. After several Dostoevsky-like scenes of hair-raising suspense, the murder is rather tamely accomplished.

But it is really the secret city of the Russian soul that Mr. Walpole seems most eager to explore, even though at times he turns around on himself and scoffs at his own discoveries. This task of interpretation was a little easier when the Russians were fighting for the Allies, and their mystic soul was supposed to be yearning towards the sacred city of Constantine. When it begins to yearn towards Bolshevism, it gives Mr. Walpole (or Durward) many a nightmare. "The Russian lives in a world of loneliness peopled only by ideas . . . accustomed from babyhood to bathe in an atmosphere that deals only with ideas. . . . Russia moves always according to the Idea that governs her.

. . . The same face, the face of a baby, of a child, of a credulous, cynical dreamer, a face the kindest, the naivest, the cruellest, the most friendly, the most human, the most savage, the most Eastern and the most Western in the world." Well! This business of seeing Russian psychology through English eyes has no excuse, says Durward, except that it is English. And the effort seems disastrous for Englishmen; Durward and even young Bohun are subject to hallucinations, weird seizures, and visions. If this is the way Englishmen are upset by Russia, is that not another cogent reason for hoping they will withdraw? One might criticize Mr. Walpole for a frankly irrelevant eulogy of Sir George Buchanan, did one not sympathize with his relief at finding something he was sure of—the perfection of the Ambassador.

**BLIND ALLEY.** By W. L. George. 431 pages. Little, Brown.

The journalistic novel has come to be recognized as a distinct type of fiction—a novel the motive force of which is not story or dramatic interaction of character, but the behavior of characters toward passing events. Its principle is not action, but reaction. What Wells did for the first two years of the War in *Mr. Britling Sees It Through*, W. L. George has done for the last two in *Blind Alley*. Both books are by competent observers of English life and the contrast between them is enlightening. The exaltation present in *Mr. Britling* is gone in *Blind Alley*. The hope that ennobled tragedy is gone. The war has worn itself out into sordid disillusionment. Mr. George cuts a cross-section of English society. Sir Hugh Oakley—in the place of Mr. Britling the chief reactor—is a patient, skeptical, tolerant observer. He is patient with his wife, who represents the furor teutonicus at its highest. He is skeptical toward his patriotic profiteering relatives. He is sympathetic toward his son, who emerges from the trenches, wounded in body and mind, weary and cynical; toward his older daughter, whose patriotic passion falls off from munition-making to illicit love for the munition maker; toward even his younger daughter, whose "war work" finally leads her through scandal and the divorce court to a marriage of repairs. He is tolerant of the conscientious objector, and of the enemy's point of view. But Sir Hugh is, in spite of all his human qualities, not quite human. The most genuine person in the story is Frank Cotterham, the munition maker and sex sport whose affair with Monica Oakley does not come off, because—well, because. In this character Mr. George has made an advance in subtlety beyond *A Bed of Roses* and *The Second Blooming*; but when he says *Blind Alley* is the best novel he has written, he is wrong.

**CÉSAR NAPOLÉON GAILLARD.** By Jean Farmer. 392 pages. Payot et Cie.; Paris.

If the recent American interest in France has been productive of many volumes of compendious misinformation, an equal French interest in things American has been of even greater profit to the publishing world. The latest Franco-American book is a picturesque novel, *César Napoléon Gaillard à la Conquête d'Amérique*. The hero of the story is son of a staid functionary of Montélimar, city of Nougat. Rebel against the conservatism of Gaillard père and of the Lyonnais manufacturers for whom he slaved, he emigrates to New York. There he is successively dishwasher, strikebreaker, and waiter; piano player in a bagnio, circus rider, silk salesman, and finally confidential agent for Upland & Co., a prosperous firm of liquor dealers which M. Farmer evidently intends to be typical of all American corporations. As is quite natural, the author

stresses throughout the story the differences between the two countries rather than their similarities. To believe him, all American hotels have 2000 rooms and 2000 baths while all French hostelleries are tiny. He presents American business as gigantic, efficient—and dishonest; the typical American is a dashing, adventurous fellow who takes for motto "Partout où j'accroche mon chapeau, là est ma maison, mon foyer, mon doux foyer"—a not too exact Gallicization of "Any old place I hang my hat is home sweet home to me." On the other hand his typical Frenchman is fifty years behind the times and quite content to remain there. One gets no echo of the French talent for revolutionizing the world every once in a while, or of the fact that the United States is lagging politically behind most of Europe. This omission however does not interfere with one's appreciation of M. Farmer's otherwise keen observation of American life, nor with one's enjoyment of an adventure story extremely jolly, even if highly improbable.

**JIM, THE STORY OF A BACKWOODS POLICE DOG.** By Charles G. D. Roberts. 216 pages. Macmillan.

Someone has offered this objection to animal stories, that the cleverest beast he ever read about was not quite so intelligent as the most stupid man. The indictment hardly holds true of Jim, the hero of the first story in this collection, for his canine astuteness puts most of the human beings that surround him to shame, and is equaled only by that of the omniscient Tug Blackstock, his master. Together they stalk evildoers, and loom up as figures of almost legendary heroism against the familiar background of the Canada woods. In the remaining tales we encounter a more recent setting for animal stories, that of the trenches. One of the tales is concerned with the adventures of a shell-shocked mule; another follows the flight of an eagle, released from his cage by an exploding 75, who flies at a great height along the lines and receives a veritable bird's-eye view of the war. These animals of which we read, despite epigrams to the contrary, are really much more interesting than human beings, and Major Roberts rather spoils the impression by imposing on them the purely human institution of a plot.

This he omits to do in the last story. Stripes, the skunk who is its unconcerned hero, goes calmly about his business of catching field mice and sucking eggs, quite indifferent to the great beasts which surround him. Finally he is attacked by a very foolish bear cub, deluges it with slime, and falls a victim finally to its revengeful mother, who after slaying him with one blow of her paw, goes on about her business. It is all casual and cruel and very real; it reminds one not so much of another animal story as of one of Tchekhov's sketches or of an etching by George Bellows.

**THE ROLL-CALL.** By Arnold Bennett. 417 pages. Doran.

In the Roll-Call Mr. Bennett returns to his Five Towns material, projected into London in the person of George Cannon, the son of Hilda Lessways. He returns also to the method of his Five Towns novels, departing from his swift impressionistic treatment of London in *The Pretty Lady*, in favor of a treatment at times so replete that it suggests the uninterrupted flow of uncritized consciousness. The book recounts the career of George Cannon, articled pupil in the offices of a firm of successful London architects. He is, at the start, capable of being impressed because Mr. Haim, the factotum of the firm, owns a house in Chelsea and will furnish him a lodging; capable, too, of falling in love with Mr. Haim's daughter, gentle unambitious Margaret. He means, even then, to become a great architect. He attains that ambition with amazing velocity, through winning a competition for a town hall in the north of England, a competition he enters individually upon impulse furnished by Lois Ingraham. Then as an architectural prodigy he marries the pleasure-ravenous Lois, and spends ten years cashing in his fame while the town hall comes into physical existence. By that time the war is on. George Cannon, still dissatisfied with his achievement, suddenly aware that there exist not only degrees of success but all kinds of success, lands two large architectural schemes: one a barracks in India; the other, munition factories in England. His assurance that he can best serve his country as an architect is shaken by the appearance of Lucas, his brother-in-law, resplendent in an officer's uniform. After an uncomfortable dream in which a voice calls the roll and no one answers to the name of George Edwin Cannon, he applies for a commission. Mr. Bennett leaves him, after a slight military experience at Epsom Downs, lying in a small tent, his feet in the rain, reflecting that there is something in this Army business!

The temper of Mr. Bennett seems to be consistently sardonic until he reaches the final episode, in which his hero, lifted out of responsibility, is happy. George Cannon moves through a kaleidoscopic multiplicity of scenes, from Sunday excursions and studio parties, through music halls, elaborate dinners, to the opening of his town hall, and even a military shopping tour. Always Mr. Bennett's treatment of this social background is deft and finished. At the Orgreave luncheon, "Nothing interesting had been said, and little that was sincere. But everybody had behaved very well, and had demonstrated that he or she was familiar with the usages of society and with aspects of existence with which it was proper to be familiar." The dinner in the overwhelmingly splendid flat of Irene Wheeler illustrates "the great principle of conspicuous ritualistic waste in a manner to satisfy the most exacting." The chromatic toilettes at the

Longchamps Sunday races have, in a stroke, "malo-dorous workrooms, and the fatigue of pale, industrious creatures" as their soil. The musical comedy in London to which Lois drags George has its "jocularity pivoted unendingly on the same twin centers of alcohol and concupiscence." All of London display, of London amusement, of London success has this treatment, clever, sharp, provocative.

There are, on the other hand, scenes of definite, clear reality: Margaret, designing book covers, Mrs. Haim serving tea, scenes in which reality is evoked by the words. But for the most part the book is strident, highly seasoned. Mr. Bennett insists upon the superlative qualities of objects and experiences to such an extent that he quickly fails to stimulate a jaded palate. He gives you, not the emotions of his hero, but a list of adjectives, miraculous, wondrous, supreme, sublime, ineffable, applied alike to motor bicycles, complexions, sex sensations, and cathedrals. The result is a sort of scenic brilliancy, a constant illumination as of too many electric signs, with almost never the remarkable daylight of *The Old Wives' Tale* or *Clayhanger*. The Roll-Call leaves the impression that Mr. Bennett wrote so furiously that pages fluttered to the floor without intermission and that he had his tongue in his cheek as he heaped high-sounding adjectives above his adolescent hero.

**THE SONG OF THE SIRENS.** By Edward Lucas White. 348 pages. Dutton.

It would seem that the Freudian wish was father to the thought in a number of these tales. In a prefatory admission, the author chooses to step aside from the post of creative responsibility to a certain extent, and trace his plot-sources in dreams. "Often," he says, "I wake with the sensation of having just finished reading a book or story." And in the case of one of the tales included in this volume, he returned to consciousness "with the last three sentences of it, word for word as they stand," branded on his sight. This is an interesting confession, and since there is no ethical point involved in frank plagiarism from the subconscious, we do not quarrel with the writer for making it. As a matter of fact the material filched from the unreal has as a rule been welded into far more skilful fiction than the tales which attempt to mirror ancient life by a parallel modern mood. The dream stories are authentic in a certain haunting terror, and in a baffling verisimilitude. They are not particularly pleasant tales, and there is at times a somewhat too bloody vigor in the transcription, but they achieve a definite effect. On the other hand, the stories which deal with ancient Greece and Rome are less dramatic, because they depend upon tedious stretches of "small talk" to supply the needed period-atmosphere. Two Roman gentlemen discussing innovations in underwear hamper the early pages of *The Skewbald Panther*, and Caesar slinging cheap

epithets does even greater damage in *The Fasces*. (Among Caeser's choice mouthfuls, hurled at Crassus and Clodius, are: "you yoke of asses," "you bat-blind idiots," "you nasty little tadpole," and "you great scurvy toad.") There are times when Mr. White seems quite willing to butcher Rome to make a writer's holiday.

**YVETTE.** By Guy de Maupassant. Translated by Mrs. John Galsworthy, with an introduction by Joseph Conrad. 259 pages. Knopf.

**FLESH AND PHANTASY.** By Newton A. Fuessle. 211 pages. Cornhill; Boston.

**TEMPTATIONS.** By David Pinski. 325 pages. Brentano.

Despite academic definition the shortstory is always spilling over its boundaries and invading the shadowy domains that separate it from the novel on one hand and the Elian essay on the other. All the professional disquisitors are agreed that this modern literary form must embody a plot and achieve in exposition the coherence of brevity; but not until the shortstory is as dead as the sophistic oration may one reasonably expect it to follow the orthodox prescriptions. Mrs. Galsworthy's translation of certain Maupassant stories, a work done well enough to appear now in a fourth edition, shows plainly that at the very sources of its inspiration the shortstory was a thing of uneven mood and measure. Yvette is almost big enough to occupy comfortably the broad-acred pages of the Saturday Evening Post; A Duel is small enough to run as a one-column filler in a newspaper. In one story you have a complete plot woven in varicolored threads of place and circumstance; in the other, a small sample of uniform color and texture, snipped out of the plaid fabric of life.

Since the shortstory does not conform to a single pattern in the hands of a Frenchman and a master, it is futile to look for any closer approximation to the academic ideal even in well-schooled America. If Newton Fuessle's collection gives one no other assurance, it at least gives one this, for with respect to form he ranges from the synoptic narrative of the Million Heir to the fleeting, sidewalk impression of *Ten Minutes After Six*. About the style and contents of Mr. Fuessle's tales there is little to be said that was not applicable also to his recent novel. The world of flesh he describes with a photographic accuracy which is occasionally blurred by a desperate endeavor, untinged by inspiration, to escape the hackneyed in metaphor; but the world of the spirit seems rather beyond his comprehension, and the touch of phantasy one finds in the title does not enliven the tales themselves.

As far as our formal thesis is concerned the translation of Pinski's stories of temptation brings only further proof. But the stories themselves tempt one to forget the thesis: they have the same sharp, national savor that salted the plays and stories of

# Are *Dial* readers different?

THIS is the open season for so-called "summer reading"—popularly defined as "hammock" or "lighter than air" reading. We know a man, however, who welcomes Summer as the season when he has time to do his most thoughtful reading. He may possibly be an intellectual curiosity—but we venture to believe that there are many *Dial* readers who, like him, take their Summer reading seriously.

Here are five notable books, both fiction and non-fiction, some of them just off the presses this week, and all of them deserving of a place in any constructive program for summer reading:

## *Saint's Progress*

By John Galsworthy

A thoughtful story of the challenge of these times to the world of a middle-aged English vicar; a very modern story of the loss of old-time faith and of the gulf between the generations:

"It's going to be a young world from now on," urges the new generation that has fought the war. "What's the use of pretending it's like it was—and being cautious?"

And in the end the older generation asks itself, as the vicar looks down at the face of the dead boy, "who had braved all things and moved out, uncertain, yet undaunted: 'Is that, then, the uttermost truth, is faith a smaller thing?'" (Published June 20th, \$1.60).

## *Trailing the Bolsheviks*

By Carl W. Ackerman

MR. Ackerman went into Siberia to study Bolshevism in action. In the course of his 12,000 miles of travel up and down the country he talked with men of all types from droshky drivers to officers in the Czechoslovak forces; he saw the crowds of men, women and children that slept for weeks in the railway stations for want of a better shelter; he saw the Russian Co-operatives in action as the only constructive force in a land of chaos.

His book presents an unusually graphic picture of conditions in bewildered Siberia. (Published June 20th, \$2.00).



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## *The Mastery of the Far East*

By Arthur Judson Brown

WHAT is Japan doing in Korea and China—and why? Is Korea to be a Japan's Ireland? Why did Japan first oppose and then favor China's entrance into the European War? Here is a new book of the very first importance on this subject, of which the New York Times says, in the course of a three-column review: "Readers who have learned to expect violent partisanship from almost any writer on Far Eastern affairs will be delighted by the impartiality and good judgment which pervade this entire book." (\$6.00.)

## *Miss Fingal*

By Mrs. W. K. Clifford

THIS exquisite novel of English life involving, that most subtle of all psychic phenomena, the reincarnation of personality, is causing a great stir in England. Sir Sidney Colvin, Maurice Hewlett, W. P. Ker, Percy Lubbock and Charles Whibley are enthusiastic about it, while Sir Charles Walston has sent an article on it to the *Nineteenth Century*.

No wonder no less a critic than Keith Preston of the Chicago Daily News hails it in this country as "The most fascinating novel of the entire season." (\$1.50).

the Irish Revivalists; and like his Gaelic contemporaries Pinski seems to take fresh inspiration by mingling in the dim nether world of history with the mighty men of old. Isaac Goldberg, the translator, does well to remind us that these tales are more than mere elaborations of Talmudic legend or Jewish history, though it is obvious that Pinski's nationality is a deep source of literary strength. It is by fusing the broken colors of national tradition that he achieves the white light of wide humanity: bereft of them he would be as universal as mediocrity and as dull as mud. Readers who enjoy Dunsany and Tchekhov will find the refreshing archaism of the first and the poignant insight of the second in the characteristic Jewish genius of David Pinski.

**RED OF SURLEY.** By Tod Robbins. 334 pages. Harper.

**AGAINST THE WINDS.** By Kate Jordan. 348 pages. Little, Brown; Boston.

They are no light fiction for light readers, these two books; no hammock novels, no anodynes. Their authors have each chosen for chief character a young person struggling against the world with uncertain success: Kate Jordan takes a Georgia Cracker girl; Ted Robbins a fisherman's son from a Long Island village. Both authors are evidently and sincerely trying to write a very good novel; if they have not succeeded, that fact is not to be held too strongly against them.

In the case of Mr. Robbins, the failure is hardly due to his theme. His idea of frustrated genius, of a poet defeated by the very circumstances that have produced him, is worthy of a much better book than he has written. One decides in the end that Red of Surley fails because its hero, as a man of talent, is unconvincing; only as the skipper of a fishing schooner does he seem real. In explanation one can only say that it takes genius to portray genius. If Red Hurley did not reach his goal, it was for a lack of that special sort of education required by the literary man, and of this his creator himself has none too much.

Miss Jordan has not attempted so much and has accomplished more. What the heroine of *Against the Winds* asks of life is not fame; she requires only a decent living and her share of happiness. To attain these she marries, but a drunken husband fails to supply them. Nature abhors a vacuum; the lover steps in; and since Miss Jordan is quite moral, cancer and the war are the means to a happy existence promised faintly in the last chapter. The author's philosophy of life—compounded of elementary sociology, Presbyterianism, and a reading of William J. Locke—does not make for great or lasting work. But her skill in the business of writing, like Mr. Robbins' determination not to compromise with reality, promises something better in the future.

**MIDAS AND SON.** By Stephen McKenna. 418 pages. Doran.

Sir Aylmer Lancing is One of Our Conquerors. America has given him his opportunity and he rides on the floodtide of fortune to fabulous riches; but at the crest of endeavor Lancing falls a victim to the law of compensation, and he returns to his native land a physical wreck, with nothing to absorb his intelligence but the disposition of his riches and the career of his only son, Deryk. The stubborn will and unceasing nervous activity of Sir Aylmer are reproduced in his offspring. And the tragedy of *Midas and Son* is not, as the publishers inform one, the tragedy of wealth, but the tragedy of similar temperaments, whose very power to mold others only intensifies their mutual incompatibility. Sir Aylmer—very much like his Victorian predecessor, Sir Austin Feverel—maintains an inscrutable watchfulness over his son's goings and comings, and he is enough of an invalid to let this solicitude break forth into open control. Idina is the Lucy of this modern tragedy, and it is over the fond, clinging form of Idina that both *Midas and Son* finally stumble to grief. Sir Midas dies, for all his riches, estranged from his son; and *Midas Junior* inflicts death on himself, for all his erstwhile love, estranged from the world. The England one samples in *Midas and Son* is but the thin upper crust of leisured and titled folk, the very icing of society. It is the same England, if one neglects the slight advance toward Elizabethan candor, that Meredith depicted a generation ago, and Miss Austen a whole century ago. In *Sonia* Mr. McKenna described this particular stratum of English society buckling and twisting under the pressure of war. If the conflict had effected any fundamental changes in the social scene, it is obvious that the author would not have been able to write another book without changing either his location, his interests, or his characters. In the very breath that the Webbs and Wellses are proclaiming that *Midas and Son* are dead, and that the new social order has arrived, it is hardly reassuring to see Mr. McKenna throw his hat in the air and shout "Long Live *Midas and Son*." Really, the war should have changed all that, unless *Midas and Son* is a fictional contribution to ancient history.

**THE FLAME OF LIFE.** By Gabriele D'Annunzio. 403 pages. Boni & Liveright.

"Passion, fire, ardor, tempestuousness"—thus, on the jacket of this recent addition to the Modern Library, do the publishers salute the genius of Gabriele D'Annunzio—and excite the curiosity of their readers. Certainly there are many who will fairly revel in this exotic, highly-spiced, and ambiguous work by the much too facile Italian who, in the transparent disguise of his hero, Stelio Eiffrena, exemplifies the Nietzschean epigram; "Poets act shamelessly toward their experiences; they exploit them." This fact alone is no indictment, but

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it acquires more critical point when taken in connection with another caustic reflection from the same pen, easily applicable to this author, "What? A great man? I always see merely the play-actor of his own ideal." In the present volume an observant and healthy cynical reader will discover rather a superfluity of grimacing and play-acting, however well and fluently done. This is not to say that *The Flame of Life* is an inexcusably mediocre thing, or that its fault lies in offending the moral sensibilities of Anglo-Saxons. Indeed this latter is rather a salutary criticism of the Anglo-Saxon's impenetrable puritanism, which recoils in fatuous alarm from every over-bold hint that life is conditioned by the senses. *The Flame of Life* merely insists on this ageless commonplace, and if the result is frequently puerile and wearisome to those who are no longer mentally adolescent, it is also accompanied by an indisputable fervor, subtlety, and an occasional flash of profound insight worthy of a more substantial setting. It is especially to be noted that D'Annunzio is a thorough expert in what might be called borderline states of consciousness: he is eternally on the watch for those inconceivably delicate waves of impressions transmitted to the mind by all forms, animate and inanimate, whose absorption and accurate re-embodiment in words constitutes one of the gravest responsibilities of the artist, in whatever medium he works. In the present volume there is just a trifle too much of "the lust of the eye," and many readers will question whether D'Annunzio has really proved to them—to use his own words—"how, in order to obtain victory over man and circumstance, there is no other way but that of constantly feeding one's own exaltation and magnifying one's own dream of beauty or of power." There is no truth which cries out more insistently, more justifiably for the proof which *The Flame of Life* fails to give.

**THE EMBLEMS OF FIDELITY.** By James Lane Allen. 219 pages. Doubleday, Page.

As befits a veteran, James Lane Allen displays a skilled technique in book planning. His latest work is an example of his ease, his grace, his ingenuity in that respect. By the use solely of interweaving letters and two explanatory diary extracts, he has caused no less than sixteen interesting personages to play an international comedy which realizes several highly amusing situations. Unfortunately this plot is coated with a charm, a sentiment, a Kentucky whimsicality which cloys a little. Mr. Allen, after all, is not a true romancer any more than certain benign and agreeable elderly clergymen are. Like them, instead of creating a new and wonderful world, he merely paints a thin gloss over the actual—trusting all the time, to certain market-tested colors. This clerical similarity extends, perhaps it may be added, to the causing of a slight monotony to the reader.

**WHY JOAN?** By Eleanor Marceil Kelly. 407 pages. Century.

Novelists attempting character studies should make sure first that they have climbed somewhat above the level of the people in the story and then that they manipulate a powerful enough searchlight to throw illuminating flashes on the helpless figures below. As a searchlight operator Mrs. Kelly does not inspire. She shows us environments handily enough, but never does she focus clearly on the central figure, Joan. In the uncertain light Joan is an expectant mediocrity drifting through various stages—husband hunting, Louisville society, domesticity, suffrage work, war nursing—until finally she becomes an author (the reader somehow would not care to read her writings). Yet there is evidence that Joan was intended to be an altogether different girl—to attain at last through love and suffering to real self-expression. Likewise there is reason for a hope that Mrs. Kelly may do better next time.

**THE BOY SCOUTS BOOK OF STORIES.** Edited by Franklin K. Mathews. 424 pages. Appleton.

**GOOD OLD STORIES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.** Selected by Elva S. Smith. 320 pages. Lothrop, Lee and Shepard; Boston.

Time was when the good and the pleasant were two separate categories in the literature of youth. Boys with appetites for adventure were dieted on specially prepared stuff that offered little prigs and pious precepts in place of strong men and the urge of human desires. The importation of Diamond Dick into the garret was a protest against the régime of Percy in the parlor. Mr. Mathews' collection of stories is a protest too, prepared in the full knowledge that every great motive that moves men to action will likewise stir the ambition of a boy. It is precisely because these stories were written for a human audience rather than for a child audience that their authors (Mark Twain, O. Henry, Norman Duncan, and the rest) escape that air of condescension which still lingers in the brief introduction.

If youth looks forward toward rough realities, childhood is busy with fancies born of the mysterious past. Because of the inherent validity of the common distinction between child psychology and the adult habit of mind, Miss Smith is not called upon to make excursions beyond the field of juvenile literature in her search for *Good Old Stories for Boys and Girls*—stories by such authors as Ingelow, Ruskin, Björnson, and Browning. Her volume gathers conveniently between two covers not a few of the classics which live on to rebuke the shallow smartness and insolent patronage of contemporary writing for children. The wise parent will appreciate this service.

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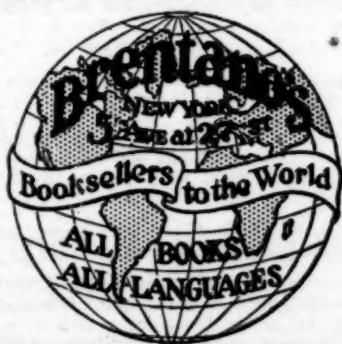
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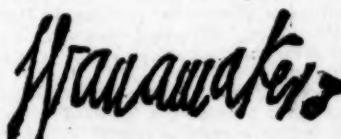
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## Books of the Fortnight

**Saint's Progress**, by John Galsworthy (404 pages; Scribner), depicts a family of clerical gentility brought into raffish and disconcerting situations by the war. A baby born out of wedlock by one of his daughters challenges Edward Pierson's social position, while the skepticism of the other daughter assails his religious convictions. A book written with that "inclination toward sentiment in the presence of beauty" with which Mr. Galsworthy reproaches one of his characters. (Review later.)

**The Gay-Dombey**, by Sir Harry Johnston, with an introduction by H. G. Wells (398 pages; Macmillan), is reviewed on page 641 of this issue.

**Cynthia**, by Leonard Merrick, with an introduction by Maurice Hewlett (350 pages; Dutton), is the third issue in the new uniform and definitive edition of Mr. Merrick's novels. The preceding volumes were *Conrad in Quest of His Youth*, with an introduction by J. M. Barrie (265 pages), and the *Actor-Manager*, with an introduction by W. D. Howells (332 pages). Further introductions are promised from Arthur Pinero, G. K. Chesterton, Granville Barker, W. J. Locke, and others. The edition, limited to 1500 sets, is beautifully printed and bound. These novels were reviewed in Ruth McIntire's essay, *An Imperturbable Artist*, in THE DIAL for June 6, 1918.

**The Little Daughter of Jerusalem**, by Myriam Harry (289 pages; Dutton), casts the author's own girlhood into the molds of fiction, and vividly depicts the kaleidoscopic contrasts of life in the Holy City. The narrative is marked by impressionability and keen observation, and renders something of the inner development of a highly imaginative child, bewildered amid the incongruities of many religions and diverse races.

**The Born Fool**, by John Walter Byrd (448 pages; Doran), is a detailed story of character development, written with poetic appreciation. One of those leisurely, well-knit English novels which delight the imaginative reader, but irritate those who regard speed and action as the cardinal principles of the art of fiction.

**Our Wonderful Selves**, a novel by Rolland Pertwee (349 pages; Knopf), is the biography of an individualist. Here evidently is an attempt to get at those qualities of mind which differentiate the independent spirit from the conformer. But Mr. Pertwee's study is superficial; it has scope for little beyond the stigmata of genius, and his zest for outwardness as opposed to inwardness of action has tripped him into writing a story which, if very readable, is by no means significant.

**The Convictions of Christopher Sterling**, by Harold Begbie (267 pages; McBride), attempts impartially "to set forth the antithetical ideals of nationalism and religion" in war time. The climax of the story is the mistreatment of religious conscientious objectors in the English prisons. As fiction it is awkwardly written, but as a social document it is not without interest.

**The Two Crossings of Madge Swallow**, by Henri Davignon (330 pages; Lane), commends itself above the general run of war fiction by a welcome restraint and a freedom from hysteria. The narrative is French in its lean crispness; and the translation, made by Tita Brand Cammaerts, has lost none of its strength through attempts at fine writing.

**The Yellow Lord**, by Will Lexington Comfort (311 pages; Doran), a romance of adventure and love in the Orient, borrows the Conrad manner and achieves something like a Conrad atmosphere. But the action outruns character and it remains a yarn, if a very readable one.

**All the Brothers Were Valiant**, by Ben Ames Williams (204 pages; Macmillan), is a tale of a whaler, written much as Morgan Robertson might have written it—that is, for summer consumption.

**In Secret**, by Robert W. Chambers (322 pages; Doran), is an easy-running narrative in the best quantitative style. The heroine proves herself a worthy Chambers creation when she disrobes to swim a stream and carry cartridges to her embattled lover. The war perhaps accounts for the omission of the customary illustrations; but the introduction of German intrigue produces little dilution in the rich essence of the author's customary theme.

**Red Friday**, by George Kibbe Turner (253 pages; Little, Brown), is not a novel to temper the cheerless moods of Blue Monday. It purports to forecast graphically what might happen in the United States should Bolshevik conspirators gain the upper hand, and it therefore deserves to be bound with those fairy stories for the feeble-minded which described what took place when a million Huns invaded New York.

**Anymoon**, by Horace Bleackley (327 pages; Lane), is an unbeliever's attempt to picture the world under Socialism, but it will give the internationalists no sleepless nights. Instead of shattering Socialist fundamentals, it merely succeeds in shattering art fundamentals in the writing of fiction.

**Wolves**, by Alden W. Welch (236 pages; Knopf), a first novel, written about engineers by an engineer, is unsentimental; but it is so far short of distinction that the reader will wish the author knew less about engineering and more about fiction.

**The Mystery Keepers**, by Marion Fox (315 pages; Lane), represents a somewhat involved handling of what proves—in the last chapter—to be "hereditary hysteria." It depends solely upon mystery to retain attention and sometimes fails to sustain even this element.

**The Great Modern English Stories**, compiled and edited with an introduction by Edward J. O'Brien (366 pages; Boni & Liveright), is the second in a series of short-story anthologies of which Willard Huntingdon Wright's *Great Modern French Stories* was the first. Few of these tales are unfamiliar or inaccessible, and not all of them are "great"; but the volume, which concludes with biographies and bibliographies, will be found more convenient than most collections of the kind by those who have use for the kind.

**Winesburg, Ohio: Tales of Ohio Small Town Life**, by Sherwood Anderson (303 pages; Huebsch), is a prose Spoon River Anthology. Acridly written, these interrelated studies of half-articulate people who do not know what they want deal more often than not with the pathological, but they deal understandingly and honestly. (Review later.)

**Temptations**, by David Pinski (325 pages; Brentano), is reviewed on page 660 of this issue.

**War Stories**, selected and edited by Roy J. Holmes and A. Starbuck (329 pages; Crowell; Philadelphia), is a collection of timely narratives half of which had their premiere in two Philadelphia periodicals of common lineage and respectability.

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**Labrador Days**, by Wilfred T. Grenfell (231 pages; Houghton-Mifflin), is a collection of stories of adventure in Labrador and on the surrounding waters. Tales of fine intent, but wooden in style and stiff with sentimental clichés.

**The Curious Republic of Gondour**, by Samuel L. Clemens (140 pages; Boni & Liveright), collects several short newspaper sketches of interest chiefly to "Mark Twain" enthusiasts.

**Out o' Luck**, by J. Thorne Smith (120 pages; Stokes), narrates further haps and mishaps of Biltmore Oswald as a member of the U. S. N. R. It is lamentable that the public's unkempt sense of humor is without the standards that ought to preclude the author's wasting his genuine wit on the cheap genre of an abortive diary.

**Prefaces**, by Don Marquis (278 pages; Appleton), is a compilation of newspaper humor over which one is invited by the publishers to "smile with Don Marquis." Spontaneity is so lacking here that one fancies instead that he sees the conjured smile fading under an expression of creative strain.

**The Life of the Party**, by Irvin S. Cobb (66 pages; illustrated; Doran), a typical Cobb burlesque, in the form of a single and very slight short story, has been thrust between covers to give that large public which is looking for "something easy to read" what it so evidently wants.

**The New Book of Martyrs**, by Georges Duhamel (221 pages; Doran), comprises a series of hospital sketches, reflecting the bravery of nameless heroes of the French front. It seeks to probe below the surface of mere stoic suffering and appraise spiritual values, but Dr. Duhamel has come near to defeating his purpose by adhering too closely to surgical detail. The pages exhale iodoform.

**The Fledgling**, by Charles Bernard Nordhoff (201 pages; Houghton-Mifflin), will perhaps be accepted by men who fly as the truest thing yet written about flying. Certainly the "buoyant bounding rush" of the take-off and the "utter celestial loneliness" of the upper air have discovered in the author something more than dumb endurance.

**Good Friday**, by Tracy D. Mygatt (52 pages; published by the author, 23 Bank Street, New York), "a Passion Play of Now," is dedicated to the conscientious objector. With only three characters, the Christlike objector, the cynical prison doctor, and the chastened, almost humane, prison keeper, Miss Mygatt has wrought a little piece full of deep emotion and touched with a weird dramatic interest. It has already been produced in Boston and Chicago. Permission for further production can be obtained from the author.

**Poems**, by Iris Tree (144 pages; Lane), leave an effect not misrepresented by these lines about herself:

I am the jester on an empty stage  
Playing a pantomime  
To spectres in the stalls,  
Listening at last  
For ghostly mirth and phantom hands applauding.

Not that the daughter of the late Sir Herbert Tree has written no verse more moving than this, but that—thanks to strained imagery, forced diction, and too little to say—the effect of it all is hollowness.

**New Paths: Verse, Prose, Pictures: 1917-1918**, edited by C. W. Beaumont and M. H. Sadler (164 pages; Knopf), is the American appearance of a new English anthology which was reviewed by Richard Aldington in *THE DIAL* for September 5, 1918.

**Rousseau and Romanticism**, by Irving Babbitt (426 pages; Houghton-Mifflin), "carries to a conclusion the argument of Professor Babbitt's previous volumes—*Literature and the American College*, the *New Laokoon*, and the *Masters of Modern French Criticism*"—whose wiser readers will avoid this undiscerning and priggish criticism of romantic genius, imagination, morality, love, irony, and melancholy. Others should be warned that the author's classicism is of the neo-pseudo-bluestocking variety, that his spirit is that of the smuggest puritanism (his favorite word is "decorum"), and that his scholarship is the one-sided erudition of doctrinaire propaganda. (Review later.)

**The Life and Works of Arthur Hall of Grantham**, by H. G. Wright (233 pages; Longmans, Green), one of the Publications of the University of Manchester, is a careful and sympathetic account of the first man to translate Homer into English, who happened also to be the first member expelled from the House of Commons. Hall's typical sixteenth century versatility, and his sense of justice and modern love of equality, no less than the choleric and stubborn disposition that kept his life stormy, make him an interesting study.

**An American Idyll: The life of Carleton H. Parker**, by his wife, Cora Stratton Parker (200 pages; Atlantic Monthly Press; Boston), richly deserves the place it will find on many bookshelves—beside the *Education of Henry Adams*. A memorable biography of a contemporary American liberal. And a beautiful love story. (Review later.)

**The History of Normandy and of England**, by Sir Francis Palgrave (2 vols., 1148 pages; Putnam), represents the first half of a monumental history and the first fifth of the equally monumental edition of Sir Francis' collected works. (Review later.)

**The Oxford History of India**, by Vincent Smith (816 pages; Oxford University Press), traces the development of the peoples of the Indian peninsula from prehistoric times up to approximately the present time. A many-sided work, embellished with numerous maps and illustrations. (Review later.)

**The State and the Nation**, by Edward Jenks (312 pages; Dutton), is an amplification of his *Short History of Politics*, now out of print. It traces the development of political institutions from primitive society up to the present day. The style is lucid, the temper just, and the product an excellent example of mellow scholarship. (Review later.)

**The British Empire and a League of Peace**, by George Burton Adams (115 pages; Putnam), examines the possibility of a coalition of English-speaking peoples in a loose, inarticulate federalism patterned after the British Empire. (Review later.)

**The Lost Fruits of Waterloo**, by John Spencer Bassett (289 pages; MacMillan), herewith comes forth in a second edition. It deals with the constitution of peace; a new opportunity for creating international order, missed by the Congress of 1815. Should not a third edition cover the lost fruits of Versailles?

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**State Morality and the League of Nations**, by James Walker and M. D. Petrie (141 pages; Unwin; London), is a two-sided discussion of the moral basis of international statehood. (Review later.)

**Towards the Republic**, by Aodh de Blácam (110 pages; Kiersey; Dublin), is the second edition of a popular pamphlet on the social and economic ideals of an autonomous Ireland. It gives promise that the Gaelic movement will not stop short on the achievement of political isolation.

**Introduction to Mathematical Philosophy**, by Bertrand Russell (206 pages; Macmillan), provides a valuable approach both to the subject and to the author's earlier *Principia Mathematica*. It is within the grasp of anyone familiar with elementary mathematics. (Review later.)

**The Philosophy of Mr. Bertrand Russell**, edited by Philip E. B. Jourdain (96 pages; Open Court Publishing Co.; Chicago), is a delicious bit of philosophical spoofing, as solemnly carried off as the Authors' Club's memorable "Appreciation" of the life and works of the non-existent Larrovitch. (Review later.)

**Religion and Culture**, by Frederick Schleiter (206 pages; Columbia University Press), is a critical examination, from an ethnological point of view, of the present methods of classifying and interpreting the data of religion. Iconoclastically it attacks many classical theories of the evolution of religion as *a priori* and arbitrary, suffering from over-generalization and premature classification, and based on a study of religion apart from its cultural setting. A wide and valuable bibliography is appended. (Review later.)

**The Blind**, by Harry Best (763 pages; Macmillan), is a thorough examination of the causes, the conditions, and the treatment of blindness in the United States. The tables under the headings the Economic Condition of the Blind, Blindness and Heredity, Blindness and Disease, and Blindness and Accident, build up an adequate statistical background. Dr. Best leaves no part of the field uncovered, and his work will doubtless take its place in the United States as a standard text.

**Victory Over Blindness**, by Sir Arthur Pearson (265 pages; Doran), is an authoritative account of the methods developed by St. Dunstan's hostel for blind soldiers for mitigating one of war's most pitiful injuries. Never before was so successful an enterprise started by "a blind leader of the blind."

**Broken Homes**, by Joanna C. Colcord (208 pages; Russell Sage Foundation), a study of family desertion and its social treatment, should be put alongside the Sage Foundation's new digest of American Marriage Laws in Their Social Aspects (by Fred S. Hall and Elisabeth W. Brooke; 132 pages; paper).

**The University of Pennsylvania**, by Horace Mather Lippincott (illustrated; 249 pages; Lippincott), is a complete history of this university prepared for its alumni by the Alumni Secretary.

**Wool**, by Frank Ormerod (221 pages; Holt), is the second of a series on staple trades and industries. It deals with the genesis of the product, its marketing, its manufacturing, and its disposal. The aim of the editor is to supply the inexpert reader with expert knowledge upon the data of economics and industrial enterprise.

## A Selected List of Fiction

The following is THE DIAL's selection of the more important fiction—exclusive of reprints and re-translations—issued since the publication of its Christmas List, November 30, 1918 (page 512). The references between brackets are to issue and page of notices in its columns:

**The Arrow of Gold**, by Joseph Conrad. 385 pages. Doubleday Page Co. [June 22:538]  
**Java Head**, by Joseph Hergesheimer. 255 pages. Alfred A. Knopf. [May 8:449]  
**The Undying Fire**, by H. G. Wells. 229 pages. Macmillan Co. [May 31:576]  
**Saint's Progress**, by John Galsworthy. 404 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. [June 28:666]  
**Shops and Houses**, by Frank Swinnerton. 320 pages. George H. Doran Co. [May 17:518]  
**The Roll-Call**, by Arnold Bennett. 417 pages. George H. Doran Co. [June 28:659]  
**The Secret City**, by Hugh Walpole. 386 pages. George H. Doran Co. [June 28:658]  
**The Jervis Comedy**, by J. D. Beresford. 283 pages. Macmillan Co.  
**Blind Alley**, by W. L. George. 431 pages. Little Brown & Co. [June 28:658]  
**Midas and Son**, by Stephen McKenna. 418 pages. George H. Doran Co. [June 28:652]  
**The Pelicans**, by E. M. Delafield. 358 pages. Alfred A. Knopf. [March 8:238]  
**The Gay-Dombeys**, by Sir Harry Johnston. 398 pages. Macmillan Co. [June 23:641]  
**Martin Schuler**, by Romeo Wilson. 313 pages. Henry Holt & Co. [June 28:651]  
**Twelve Men** (short stories). By Theodore Dreiser. 360 pages. Boni & Liveright.  
**Winesburg, Ohio** (short stories). By Sherwood Anderson. 203 pages. B. W. Huebsch. [June 28:666]  
**The Mirror and the Lamp**, by W. B. Maxwell. 442 pages. Bobbs-Merrill Co. [March 22:312]  
**The Challenge to Sirius**, by Sheila Kaye-Smith. 442 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co.  
**Red of Surya**, by Ted Robbins. 334 pages. Harper & Bros. [June 28:662]  
**The Yellow Lord**, by Will Livingston Comfort. 311 pages. George H. Doran Co. [June 28:666]  
**Sinister House**, by Leland Hall. 336 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. [March 22:314]  
**Lady Larkspur**, by Meredith Nicholson. 171 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. [June 14:623]  
**Christopher and Columbus**, By the author of *Elizabeth and Her German Garden*. 455 pages. Doubleday, Page & Co.  
**Ma Fettengill**, by Harry Leon Wilson. 324 pages. Doubleday, Page & Co. [May 17:520]

## TRANSLATIONS

**The Great Hunger**, by Johan Bojer. Translated by W. J. Alexander Worster and C. Archer. 337 pages. Moffat, Yard & Co. [March 22:299]  
**The Amethyst Ring**, by Anatole France. Edited by Frederic Chapman. 304 pages. John Lane Co. [June 28:650]  
**Jacques the Rebel**, by Eugene Le Roy. Translated by Eleanor Stimson Brooks. 415 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. [May 17:520]  
**Nono: Love and the Soil**, by Gaston Roupnel. Translated by Barnett J. Beyer. 272 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. [May 17:520]  
**The Two Crossings of Madge Swaine**, by Henri Davignon. English version by Tita Brand Cammaerts. 330 pages. John Lane & Co. [June 28:666]  
**Temptations** (short stories). By David Pinaski. 325 pages. Brentano. [June 28:666]  
**Blood and Sand**, by Vicente Blasco Ibanez. Translated by Mrs. W. A. Gillespie. 265 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co.  
**The Dead Command**, by Vicente Blasco Ibanez. Translated by Frances Douglass. 351 pages. Duffield & Co.  
**Luna Bonamor** (short stories). By Vicente Blasco Ibanez. 209 pages. John L. Luce & Co., Boston. [June 14:620]  
**Cesar or Nothing**, by Pio Baroja. Translated by Louis How. 337 pages. Alfred A. Knopf.  
**Martin Rivas**, by Alberto Biest-Gana. Translated by Mrs. Charlton Whitman. 181 pages. Alfred A. Knopf.  
**Amalia: A Romance of the Argentine in the Time of Rosas the Dictator**, by Jose Marmol. Translated by Mary J. Serrano. 419 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co.  
**The Home and the World**, by Rabindranath Tagore. Translated by Surendranath Tagore. 293 pages. Macmillan Co. [June 14:620]  
**The Lucky Mill**, by Ivan Slavici. 219 pages. Duffield & Co. [May 31:578]

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